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sports**



The man in the



tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 252 / NUMBER 3274

EDITOR JOHN OLIVER

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On a cool white beach in the Bahamas, a swimsuit in a cool watery print that weighs less than four ounces and qualifies as a natural for an airborne, beachcombing holiday. It is made of Lycra by Rose Marie Reid and costs 13½ gns at Harvey Nichols; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; McDonalds, Glasgow. For more news of fashion in the sun turn to page 511: Unity Barnes made the choice of sailaway clothes. For those who like their water straight or with the right dash of turbulence Morris Newcombe, last week photographing above the clouds, descends to sea level with a seven-page feature on high-speed power boats and the men who drive them. It begins on page 504. The cover is by Norman Eales



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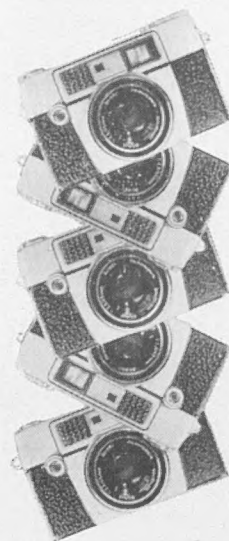
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11

Dolphin

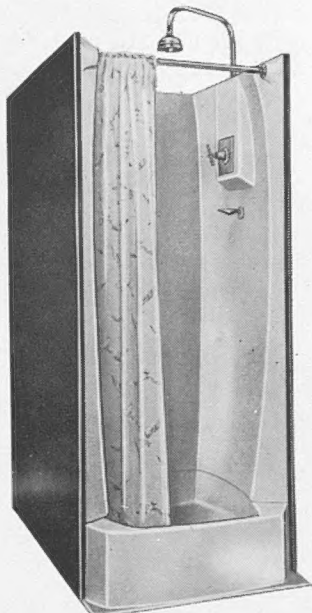
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GOING PLACES



SOCIAL & SPORTING

Chelsea Flower Show, to 29 May.

Eights Week, Oxford, to 30 May.

Law Society v. The Bar, cricket match, Hurlingham, 31 May.

The Queen & Prince Philip will attend the film *A Night With the Royal Ballet*, Royal Festival Hall, 1 June, in aid of Gordonstoun Scholarship Fund (WAT 3191.)

The Derby, Epsom, 3 June.

Bath Festival, 3-14 June.

Nurses' Summer Ball, the Dorchester, in aid of the Gt. Ormond St. Hospital for Sick Children, 5 May. (Details, Mr. G. J. Piller, HOL 9200.)

Stonyhurst and Downside Dance, Hurlingham Club, 6 June.

River Ball, aboard the *Royal Sovereign*, 9 June, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. (Tickets, £5 5s., from Mrs. Davenport, LAN 5965.)

Air Ball, the Dorchester, 10 June. (Tickets, £3 10s., from Mrs. Madge Clarke, FRE 2285.)

Richmond Royal Horse Show, 11-13 June.

Aldeburgh Festival, Suffolk, 11-21 June.

Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade, 13 June.

Royal Ascot, 16-19 June.

Guards Boat Club Ball, Maidenhead, 17 June.

UNIVERSITY DANCES

Oxford: Hertford Summer Ball; Keble Midsummer Ball; Queen's Summer Ball, 19 June; Magdalene Commem.; University Commem.; St. John's Commem., 22 June; Worcester 250th Anniversary Ball; Exeter 650th Anniversary Ball; Jesus Commem.; Trinity Commem., 23 June.

Cambridge: First & Third Trinity May Ball; Sidney Sussex May Ball; Selwyn May Ball; Churchill May Ball, 15 June; St. Catharine's May Ball, 16 June.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Folkestone, today; Wolverhampton, 28; Newbury, Thirsk, 29, 30; Newmarket, 30; Leicester, 30 May, 1 June; Windsor, 1; Epsom, 2-5; Carlisle, 4; Pontefract, 5 June.

CRICKET

Test Match: England v. Australia, Trent Bridge, 4-9 June.

SAILING

Forth Week, 30 May-6 June.

MUSICAL

Royal Festival Hall. Hallé Orchestra & Chorus, cond. Barbirolli, 8 p.m. tonight; Arthur Rubinstein (piano), 8 p.m., 28 May; The Dave Brubeck Quartet, 6.30 & 9.15 p.m.,

29 May; B.B.C. Light Programme Music Festival, 7.30 p.m., 30 May; L.S.O., cond. Dorati, 7.30 p.m., 31 May. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Iolanthe*, tonight, 29 May; 5 June (last perfs.). *La Vie Parisienne*, 28, 30 May, 4, 6 June (last perfs.). (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Albert Hall. New Philharmonia Orchestra with Claudio Arrau (piano), 7.30 p.m., 4 June; Claudio Arrau, 7.30 p.m., 7 June (WEL 8418.)

Victoria & Albert Museum. *Die Schöne Mullerin*, Hermann Prey, with Gerald Moore acc., 7.30 p.m., 31 May. (WEL 8418.)

Westminster Abbey. King's Lynn Ensemble, cond. Barbirolli, 8 p.m., 2 June. (WEL 8418.)

Lunchtime Concert, Wigmore Hall, Adrian de Peyer (tenor), Daniel Kelly (piano), 12.45 p.m., 2 June. (Adm. 2s., students 6d.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 16 August.

Painting & Sculpture, 1954/64, Tate Gallery, to 28 June.

Christ in Glory, the genesis of the Coventry Cathedral tapestry, by Graham Sutherland. Redfern Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. (Adm. 2s. 6d. in aid of Oxfam.) To 12 June.

New English Art Club Exhibition, F.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, to 5 June.



Linda Christian makes a guest appearance in Val Guest's new film *The Beauty Jungle* in which her husband, Edmund Purdom, stars. The picture—it tells the story of a year in the life of an office typist who becomes a beauty queen—will have a simultaneous release in 50 sea-side resorts next month and come to London in September

Michael Kidner paintings, Grabowski Gallery, Sloane Avenue, to 11 July.

Franz Kline, Whitechapel Gallery, to 14 June.

FIRST NIGHTS

New Arts. *The Trigon*, tonight.

Her Majesty's. *The Right Honourable Gentleman*, 28 May.

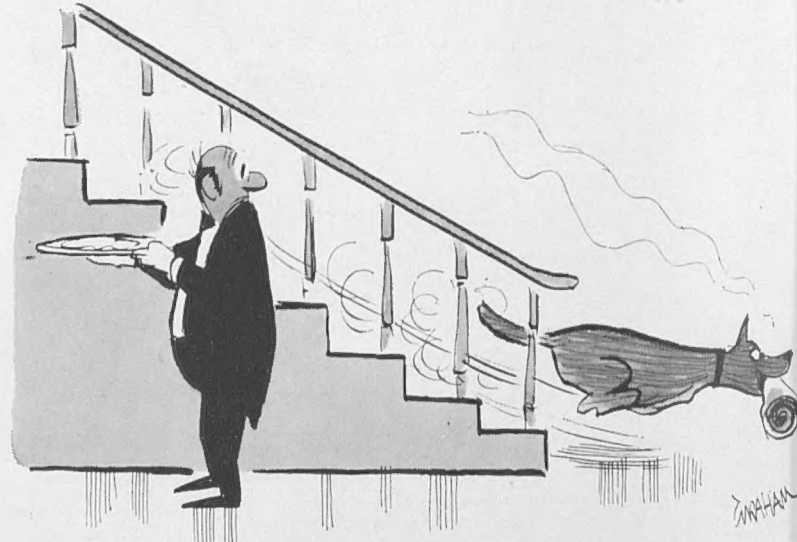
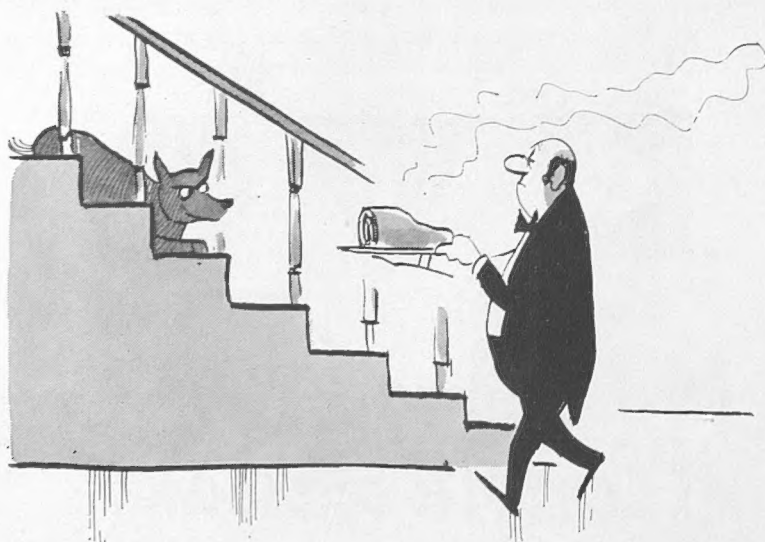
Westminster. *Mr. Brown Comes Down the Hill*, 28 May.

Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. *Henry V*, 1 June.

Queen's. *St. Joan of the Stockyards*, 4 June.

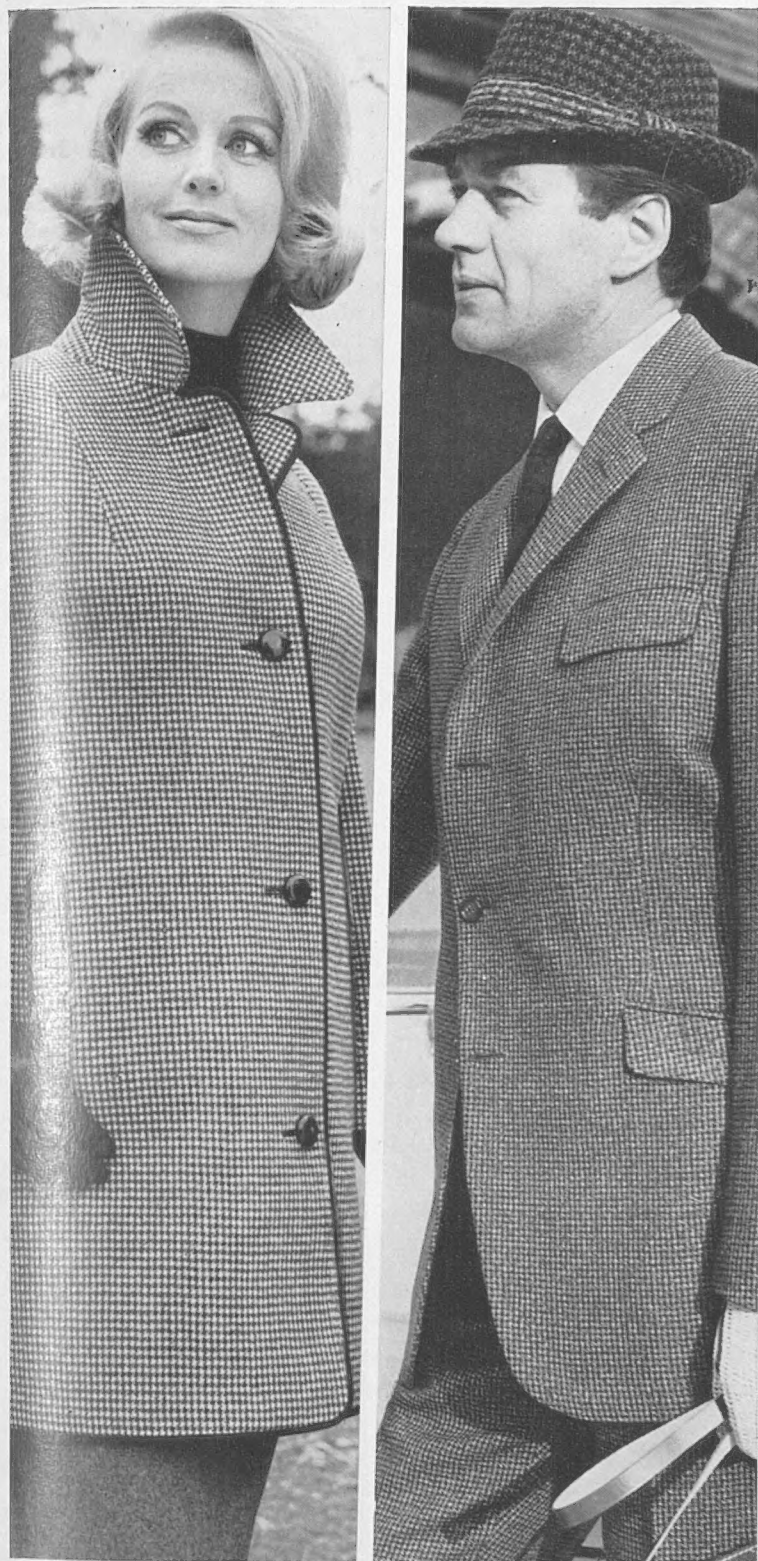
Phoenix. *The Golden Rivet*, 10 June.

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GOING PLACES

There is a France for all seasons: Paris, pregnant with spring, sticky horse-chestnut buds and new hats, in early May; Paris, deserted and rather poetic in its empty August, sparkling and new again in October; Paris, in mid-winter, bloodier, colder and yellower than London.

Brittany, for me, in the autumn, when the buckets and spades and crowds have left it alone; when the black-robed peasant women trundle chrysanthemums to the graves on All Souls' Day; when they press the new cider by the roadside in the little towns, and it is this season for early mackerel. The inns in the towns always have a room, whatever the season, but on the coast one of my favourites is Cancale, pocket-sized and unexploited. The Continentale and the Phare are both good, simple hotels, and the Surcouf has wonderful food.

I believe that the Riviera—the real Riviera—will revert to its old winter season. "Impossible" it may be in summer, but there was a high bonus of good weather this year from Christmas through to March and the amenities of its Casinos (at Monte Carlo, Beaulieu and

Cannes), its shops, its restaurants and its golf courses at Mont Agel and Mougin, make it a reliable each-way bet. Then the charm of the hill towns which the coast-bound crowds in summer miss: Eze and La Turbie; Rocquebrune, Vieux Cagnes and St-Paul-de-Vence. Sospel, with its riverside trout restaurants, is a charming drive up into the hills behind Menton; and Gattières, just over 20 kilometres up behind Nice, has a Michelin-starred restaurant, the Auberge de Gattières. Another wonderful drive is westwards over the hills to Grasse to the Corniche Georges de Verdun.

In May and early June, it is warm enough to swim from Cap Ferrat, which has remained a village in spite of the gloss on either side. The Frégate is mainly a restaurant which happens to have a few rooms:—always a good bet in France. Friends of mine who stayed there recently were delighted with it, and found it not expensive. This early summer is a time when I should love to tour the Loire valley; I have had only a taste of it, but I do remember an enchanting inn, the Relais Fleurie, at



ABROAD

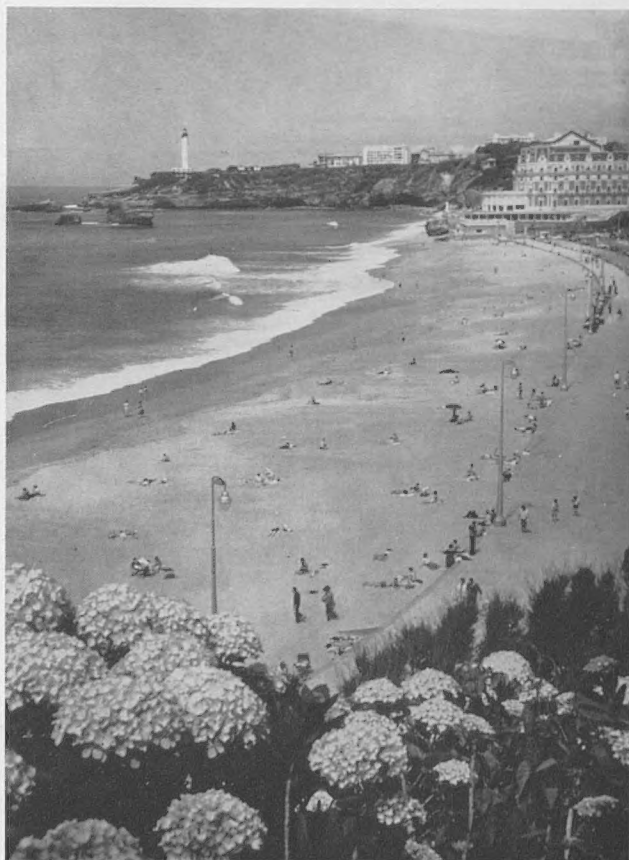
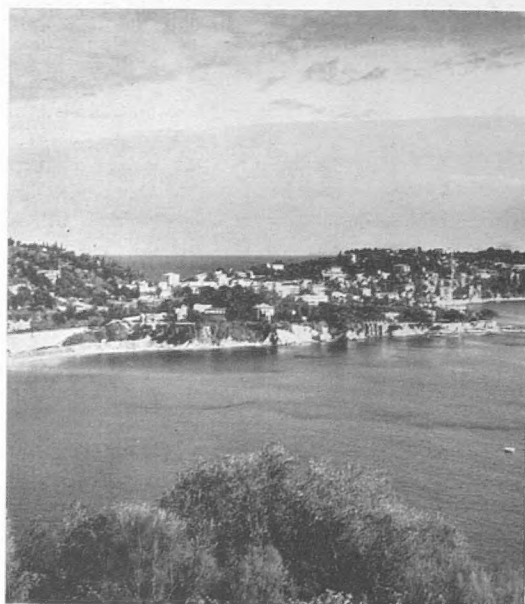
Pouilly-sur-Loire, and a garden full of lupins and wisteria and early roses, bordering the river banks. I remember the fragrant Sancerre, which never tastes better than on this, its own soil; delicious food and small, chintzy bedrooms.

What of high-summer France? Biarritz, whose summer season was created by the Empress Eugénie, is built for crowds. During its brief season of mid-July to mid-September, it is gay, sociable, and in every way an admirable example of its kind. Two Casinos (at one of which evening dress is obligatory) and some splendid restaurants make it worth dressing up for. The daytime mecca is the magnificent swimming pool of the Hotel du Palais, built out high above the beach. You lunch in your bikini at an elegant little pool-side restaurant. Biarritz must be taken on the top level or not at all, and it is expensive.

Life is simpler at St. Jean de

Luz, just down the coast. There is a good beach but roughish swimming (or more accurately, bathing); the old part of the town is charming. The port where the sardine and tuna fishing boats put in each evening is almost entirely enclosed, and is properly lined with little cafés. Many of the half-timbered houses which surround the old port are several centuries old, and there is an interesting church with a gilded altar screen and three-tiered wooden balconies in which Louis XIV married the Spanish princess Maria Theresa. One of the best small restaurants is the Petit Grill Basque; try the magnificent fish soup called, locally, *ttoro*. I earmarked three reasonably priced hotels, the Malouthea, the Palacito and the Port-Vieux, with average prices of between 30s. and £3 a night.

One of the most attractive villages in the area is Ascain. Though it is but six kilometres inland from St Jean de Luz, it is in a different world of fat green meadows, vineyards and little streams. I liked the small, intimate Hotel de la Rhune, which charges only £2 a day for full pension. Nearby is the golf course at Chantaco; and



A France for all seasons: It is warm enough in May and early June to swim at St. Jean Cap Ferrat (above) and Biarritz (right) is gay and sociable in high summer. Life is simpler at St. Jean de Luz (far right) in the Basque country

PHOTOGRAPHS: J. ALLAN CASH

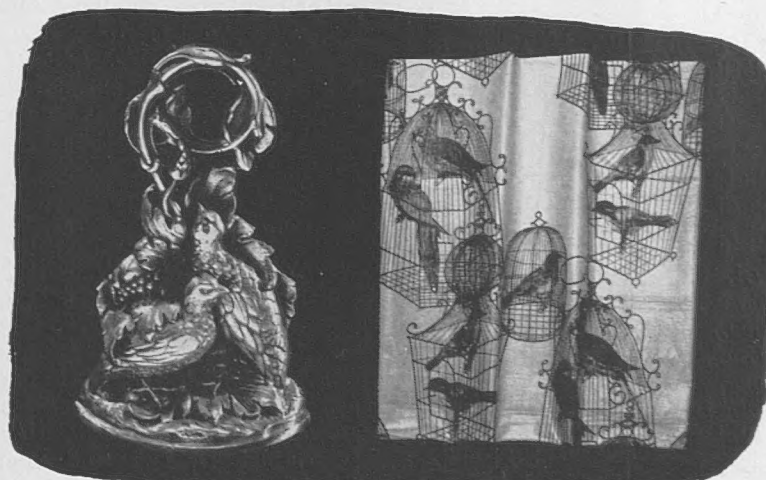
Ascaïn is a good base for touring this part of the Pyrenees: Itaxassou, Louhossoa, Ridaray and Osses. Gastronomes sigh over the Trinquet de Pyrenées, at St. Étienne de Baigorry, which is a détour en route for the charming old town of St Jean-Pied-de-Port. There are many stretches of the river Nive and its tributaries on which trout-fishing is free. And there could be such a thing as taking out a picnic meal each day and walking: this is the right kind of country for it.

The Mediterranean coast of the Pyrenees is incomparably different. It is hotter and dryer, a landscape of grand and rather stony vistas, olives and cypress. Its coastal riviera—the Côte Vermeille—runs for some 20 kilometres from Collioures through Port-Vendres and Cerbère to the Spanish frontier at Port-Bou. Its patrons are almost entirely French because the other Europeans—the British, Dutch, Germans, Swiss and Belgians—whizz over the border into Spain. So much the better. I liked Port-Vendres because it is still a functional port: I was even charmed by the one-wagon goods train which pulled up each evening by the bales of anchovies, on the quayside underneath my bedroom window. I stayed in the Hotel du Compagnie du Midi, which looks exactly as it sounds: an old fashioned commercial hotel with potted palms and leather banquettes. Just

above it is a restaurant, the Résidence, which has recently added a dozen charming bedrooms. And an unexpectedly elegant, rather international night-club-cum-country club called the Limbo. In the village square above the harbour the old men still play boules underneath the shade of the plane trees.

Cerbère, last and highest point on the Corniche, has a pleasant small hotel, the Vigie, you walk down steep stone steps cut into the rocks to a pebbled beach with good swimming. But Collioures has perhaps the most to offer: two little ports separated by a 13th century fortress, with houses piled on either side. It has a tree-shaded, cobbled waterfront with cafés and bars and bouriques. Scores of pensions and small hotels: a Balette, Le Frégate, Les Templiers and Les Carranques, among many. Collioures is one of the few places which you can dare to take on chance: it is not on most English travel agents' books and the French Tourist Office in London told me, at the end of last July, that it was impossible to get accommodation. On the spot, I discovered that I could have accommodated myself, so to speak, at least five times over.

The final postscript to this coast is the 10-mile stretch of beach between Canet and Argelès. I must admit that the hotels, beach huts, caravans and anonymous little white stucco villas on it look not a scrap more poetic than those of Wittering. The point is the swimming (which is wonderful) and a beach which is not impossibly crowded even in August. But the difference between this and its Sussex counterpart is that the family hotels of which the Oasis at Racou Plage is a shining example—put on a superb five course lunch which costs 23 NF for two, including limitless wine; and do full pension for 30 NF (just over two guineas) in season. It is family territory but, for some reason, other people's children are not a quarter so tiresome in another language. Port Vendres is only 10 minutes away from this beach by car; and the whole area is at least one answer to a question so vexed that I prefer not to investigate it too often: where to enjoy an August, *en famille*. Or, for the matter of that, *sans*. Eagle Airlines fly several times a week to Perpignan, from which the coast is 45 minutes by car; the fare, from £27.11. return.



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GOING PLACES

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

Hunting Lodge, 16 Lower Regent Street. (WHI 4222.) Luncheon and dinner from 6.30-11.15 p.m. C.S. Speaking frankly, when I went to this restaurant soon after it opened I did not take to it, for reasons difficult to define. Visiting it again recently I enjoyed myself greatly. The young lobster could not have been better, and the quality of the lamb cutlets was outstanding, as was the hollandaise sauce on the broccoli. The service was most attentive and politeness itself, from the manager, Mr. Claude, downwards.

There are few more comfortable restaurants in London from the point of view of the chairs and the size of the tables. The decor is highly original, ranging from a marble nude in the foyer, through a wooden angel on the bar, to big game rifles on the wall, and creates an air of opulence and warmth. The wine list is large and distinguished, but the prices are also high. For food allow about 17s. 6d. for the main course—but you can be certain that whatever you order it will be of the highest quality. W.B.

Vine Grill, 3 Piccadilly Place, W.1, the court between Vine Street and Piccadilly. (REG 5789.) C.S. On the site of El Vino's, where crime and other journalists used to meet when Vine Street was London's most fashionable police station. It belongs to Bentleys, whose oyster bar and fish restaurant is just across the way in Swallow Street, but its speciality is high quality steaks and chops. They have some carefully chosen wines to go with them or properly-kept ales. If you think you have found somewhere quiet tucked away up an alley you will find that a lot of other people have had the same idea. An amusing place to take your American visitor. W.B.

Surprise in Oxon

I knew before we went there that **Studley Priory Hotel**, Oxfordshire (STANTON ST. JOHN 203), was a beautiful house, with its place in local history since the 12th century. I had been told that Mr. & Mrs. E. E. Parke and their staff would give us a warm welcome, and we were

not disappointed. The surprise was the excellence of the cooking. We had first a cheese dish from the Valais region of Switzerland, which I can best describe as a feather-light fondue pancake. To follow we had a tender steak, cooked before our eyes on a real charcoal grill, served with perfectly cooked vegetables. There was a fine Stilton on the cheese board but we chose a strawberry ice, also good, as was the coffee. We slept comfortably and had an excellent breakfast. The wine list is imaginative, and Mr. Parke has the sensible idea of offering a different out-of-the-ordinary wine—for example, Russian and Greek—by the glass each day. The pleasure of our meal was enhanced by the beautiful panelled room in which we ate, and the friendliness of the staff.

Studley Priory is about 6 miles off A.40 in the village of Hurton-cum-Studley, turning off at the junction with A.4142, s.p. Stanton St. John. Luncheon is from 12s. 6d. and à la carte dinner from 14s. 6d. Double room with bath and breakfast for 2 persons from £3 10s.

Whiskey note

Whether it is the increasing consumption in Britain of Irish coffee or holidays in Eire that has made Irish whiskey popular again, the plain fact is that we are drinking more of it. John Power established his distillery in Dublin in 1791 and their "Golden Label" is popular in its native land, but owing to export restrictions it was difficult to get here. Now supplies are coming in again, guaranteed as having been matured for varying periods from 7 to 15 years at the distillery. My own opinion is that to be enjoyed to the full Irish whiskey should be drunk with plain water—from Malvern or elsewhere, not the strange liquid that comes out of London taps. I believe also that, to enjoy the flavour properly, the right proportions are one part of whiskey to two of water.

. . . and a reminder

Stone's Chop House, Panton Street, Haymarket. The Upper Room. Worth a visit if you have come to like the downstairs



establishment, and good value for money.

Café Royal Grill Room, 68 Regent Street. (WHI 2373.) Eating and drinking amid the opulent elegance of Edwardian days.

L'Escargot Bienvenu, 48 Greek Street, Soho. (GER 4460.) A change of ownership has not destroyed its atmosphere and standards.

TO EAT

Jabberwocky, 145 Ebury Street, S.W.1. (SLO 7847.) Simple and small, but cooking of high quality with good wines.

Restaurant Rigoletto, 26 Romilly Street, Soho. (GER 5302.) New, pleasantly got up, with good cooking and reasonable prices.

Peter Evans Eating House, 60 Fleet Street. (FLE 4996.) Open midday to midnight. Decor by David Hicks and straightforward English cooking up to the standard of the others in this group.



Signorina Rosina Bonfini was born and brought up at Ascoli Piceno on the outskirts of Rome and came to England 12 years ago. The Roman menu at the Trattoria A Trastevere in Walton Street provides an immediate clue to her district of origin. The restaurant was opened last February and the bill of fare always includes "something for nothing" which usually takes the form of a glass of wine or the drink of a particular region

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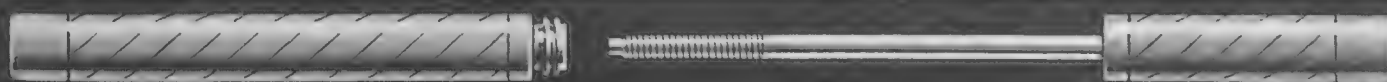


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TATLER

27

MAY

1964

KURREWA'S CHALLENGE



Kurrewa V, newest in the line of 12-metre yachts and the Royal Thames Yacht Club's alternative challenger for the 19th America's Cup, heads into the swell off Gosport. The yacht is a virtual twin to Mr. Anthony Boyden's Sovereign. The two will train as a team but race in fierce competition until the final choice of the challenger one week before the start of the first Cup race. The Australian Livingston brothers, Frank and John, who were responsible for the building and the name Kurrewa, then handed her over to a Royal Thames Y.C. team headed by Mr. Owen Aisher who agreed to manage and finance the complete project over and above the building of Kurrewa. Mr. Aisher is seen (*left*) with Major-General Ralph Farrant, second helmsman and technical adviser, and Colonel R.S.G. "Stug" Perry, the helmsman. More pictures by Van Hallan overleaf. Muriel Bowen's column is on page 495

SIXTEEN PUT TO SEA

Sixteen yachts of varying classes faced boisterous weather on the outward run from Lymington to Cowes, one of the season's first races for the Royal Lymington Yacht Club. The return leg from Cowes was made on the following day when the winner was *Quiver III*

Right: away to a good start, Winkle (No. 1765) owned by Col. C. A. Biddle, and Pastime II (No. 7), owned by Mr. L. St. C. Byrne. Far right: Quiver III (No. 1729), owned by Mr. S. H. R. Clarke, leading Mr. N. Bond-Williams' Bowstring



Miss Lisa Paterson taking stores from her father, Mr. J. M. A. Paterson, who sailed his yacht *Rolima*



Lisa's sister, Rosemary, goes aboard *Rolima*



Mr. M. H. Brown, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Lymington, goes out to the start in the committee boat



Marshal Sir Arthur McDonald,
Vice-Commodore of the club, climbs aboard
the committee boat



Mrs. S. H. R. Clarke, whose husband owns
Quiver III, and Brigadier J. F. S. Rendall



Mr. W. F. Cartwright, managing director of the
Steel Company of Wales, at the helm of *Balkis*,
his newly-delivered yacht



ROYAL GUEST

The Duke of Edinburgh was the guest of honour at the Jewish Welfare Board Dinner held at the Savoy and attended by the leading figures of British Jewry

1 The Hon. Leonard Cohen introduces Prince Philip to Sir Leon and Lady Bagrit

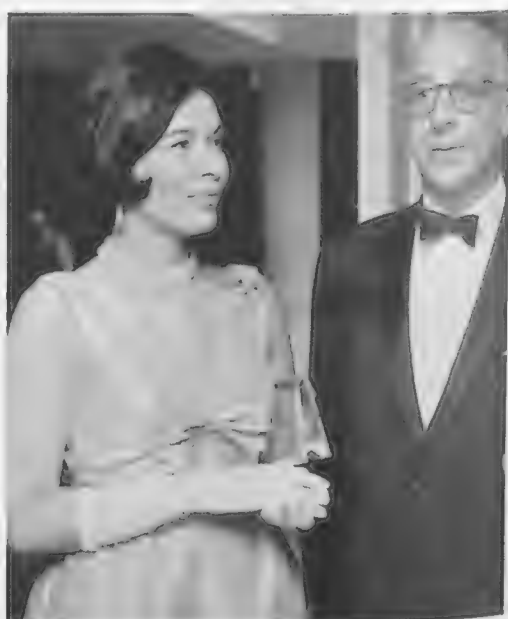
2 Actress and model Mrs. Philip Leigh, whose husband is on the executive of the Jewish Welfare Board

3 The Hon. Mrs. Leonard Cohen and the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Israel Brodie

4 Lady Wolfson, wife of Sir Isaac Wolfson, Bt., and Lady Karminski, wife of Mr. Justice Karminski

5 Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Edelman. Novelist and playwright, Mr. Edelman is Labour M.P. for Coventry North

6 Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Abrahams



PLANS FOR A PRESIDENT

BY MURIEL BOWEN

State visits of foreign heads of state, those most glamorous of social occasions, are changing. When PRESIDENT FERIK IBRAHIM ABOUD of the Sudan arrives this week he will enjoy eight days seeing many parts of the country instead of just three crowded days in London. As on previous State Visits the Queen and Prince Philip will give a magnificent banquet at Buckingham Palace, and lofty Guildhall will be the scene of one of those splendid luncheons given by the Lord Mayor, ALD. C. J. HARMAN and the Corporation of the City of London.

The biggest purely social change is that much of the entertaining of the President and his party will be done in Scotland. The President will stay part of the time in Edinburgh where Mr. MICHAEL NOBLE, the Secretary of State, will give a banquet, and then go to on Brehin Castle where he will stay part of a weekend with the EARL & COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE.

While retaining much of the ceremonial, a greater effort is being made to show visiting heads of state more of contemporary activity around Britain. It is expected that in future, visits of heads of state will follow this general pattern. The President of the Sudan has particularly asked to see great engineering projects. First of these on his programme is the new Forth Bridge.

PRIZES AND THE PRINCE

Prince Philip was in cracking form when he went to the dinner of the Jewish Welfare Board at the Savoy. (See picture on opposite page). His crisp, witty speech enthralled his audience. After presenting a special prize to a young apprentice, RAYMOND SCHWARTZ, he looked up and down the top table. Ignoring such people as LORD COHEN, one of the famous "Three Wise Men," the Israeli Ambassador Mr. ARTHUR LOURIE and his very talented American wife, and SIR LEON BAGAT, ideas volcano of the computer world, Prince Philip posed a question.

"I wonder how many people at this table won prizes when they were very young? There is the Chief Rabbi down there—I don't think he did. And there is SIR ISAAC WOLFSON on my right—well, I shouldn't think he did either!"

BY DEGREES

Both the victims chuckled. The Chief Rabbi, DR. BRODIE, an honours graduate of Balliol, said to me afterwards: "Picking me he really hit the nail on the head. I never won anything when I was young." Sir Isaac speaking after Prince Philip showed that he is no less adept at repartee than he is at making money. With a note of sadness in his warm Scots voice he said: "I did not win any prizes. I left school at 14 years 9 months. But I have been made an honorary Doctor of Laws of Glasgow University, I've got an Honorary Doctorate from Oxford, and I've got an

Honorary Doctorate of Laws from London University... so I can honestly say that I have been educated by degrees!"

CHANGE OF NAME

The dinner was a special one for the Jewish Welfare Board which has just recently changed its name from Jewish Board of Guardians. It was felt by the Board's members that the new name sounded more "with it." The body, regardless of what it is called, is extraordinarily well with it already. The scope of its work in helping needy Jews in Britain is quite remarkable. Prince Philip praised it highly ("... and I say this not just because I have read the stack of promotion that has reached me from the Board in the last few days") and SIR SEYMOUR KARMINSKI spoke of the need for the Board's work. "Contrary to popular belief not all Jews are wealthy," Sir Seymour said. "We have the same troubles as everybody else."

Guests at the dinner included VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS BEARSTED; the HON. LEONARD COHEN who presided, & Mrs. COHEN; Mr. & Mrs. C. A. PRENDERGAST; Mr. A. G. BOYD-GIBBINS; and Mr. MAURICE EDELMAN, M.P. & Mrs. EDELMAN. Mr. Edelman, who writes enthralling political novels, has a new book coming out in October. It is called *The Prime Minister*.

PICKING FLOWERS

Two American women stood in the middle of Stratford-upon-Avon looking at their guide to the Shakespeare birthday celebrations, and the following conversation was overheard:

"See that big building up there—it's not in the guide book. Well then it's not important enough. But we ought to go see it—you remember what our British cousins said the other day, 'that Americans never do anything but the tourist things.'"

So they set off for the "big building," fully a quarter of a mile away. Their enthusiasm must gladden the heart of Sir Fordham Flower, chairman of virtually all the Shakespearean activities at Stratford. The building they went to see was Flowers' Brewery!

THE PICTURE VANISHES

To those of us who have brought home scores of tins of baked beans and countless jars of sickly-smelling bath salts

from tombola stalls, there was something really worth paying out hopefully for at the Pied Piper Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. This was an invitation to have one's portrait painted by that immensely talented artist Molly Bishop, who is of course LADY GEORGE SCOTT.

It was won by 22-year-old TIMOTHY HAYTHORNTHWAITE from Norfolk. Somewhere about October, when he has gathered in the harvest and Lady George has finished her present commissions, he will be coming to London to sit for her. "I'm terribly thrilled about it; Lady George does beautiful work," his mother, Mrs. HAYTHORNTHWAITE told me.

The whole idea led to a terrible to-do on the night of the ball. A portrait of the HON. MRS. VERE HARMSWORTH was put on the tombola stand as an example of the type of portrait the winner would get. In error it was handed out to Mr. Haythornthwaite. It was not until he returned to Norfolk and his mother read a piece of paper stuck to it that the mistake was discovered. As I write it is on its way back to a greatly relieved Mrs. Harmsworth—it is her wedding anniversary present to her husband.

The ball, a benefit in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., was a glittering party. This year's chairman was Mrs. Harmsworth, who wore a Lanvin dress of pearl grey with a huge boa of white organdie. She and her husband had just come back from a week in New York, and she told me that while he worked she managed to get to the theatre every night.

THE DUCHESS'S WAGER

The dancing was so expressive of the modern spirit that a huge arrangement of flowers behind the chairman's table crashed to the floor. The DUCHESS OF BEDFORD had figured out earlier that this would happen and she had laid a bet over it with Mr. PAUL GETTY. As things turned out it was no great disaster. The fallen column provided a place for SIR TUFTON & LADY BEAMISH and Mr. IVAN FOXWELL to sit during the cabaret.

The Persian Ambassador, M. ZAHEDI, who is believed to be the best dancer among ambassadors, was there, and so too were Mr. WOODROW WYATT, M.P. & LADY MOOREA WYATT; Miss JEAN TWINING; Mr. & Mrs. PETER KIRWAN-TAYLOR; Mrs. PETER NUGENT; VICOMTE & VICOMTE D'ORTHEZ; and Mr. & Mrs. HARRY MIDDLETON. Mrs. Middleton, the former Mrs. Rodney Berry, told me that apart from a diamond and ruby necklace she was wearing, she had had all her furs and jewels stolen a couple of days before.

The chairman of the Junior Committee was Miss SARAH GOALEN, who is developing much of the chic style of her mother, Mrs. NIGEL CAMPBELL. Sarah, who now works on a fashion magazine, brought in a number of her young friends as helpers.



OCCASION FOR CAVALRY

It was an occasion that cavalry leaders of the calibre of Murat or Prince Rupert would certainly have approved though the pursuits were strictly peaceable. The scene was Tidworth where riders competed in the Three-day Army Horse Trials comprising the Tidworth and Bulford Events





PHOTOGRAPHS: HETIANO DAGNORFFI



1 Major M. E. A. Berryman, owner-rider of Jasper, jumping the Bullfinch in the Bulford Event

2 Conference for Major-General David Dawnay, Lt.-Col. W. S. P. Lithgow, C.O. 10th Royal Hussars, and Major Derek Allhusen, who competed on Lochinvar

3 Miss Elizabeth Gott takes her Gilpie over the last but one of 27 testing cross-country obstacles in the Bulford Event. The obstacle, known as the Cornish Bank, has a 6-foot drop

4 Miss A. V. Sherrard clears the Farm Cart on her Phelima in the Bulford

5 Sergeant R. S. Jones, R.H.A. winner of the senior Tidworth Event, jumps Master Bernard, owned by the King's Troop, R.H.A.

6 Mounted, left, Lord Hugh Russell, a member of the Ground Jury, and, right, Lieut. John W. F. Robins, 10th Royal Hussars, Clerk of the Course. In the background are Mrs. Ward Harrison and Brigadier J. M. D. Ward Harrison

THE PIED PIPER BALL

took place at the Hyde Park Hotel. It was the 16th ball, held in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. Debutantes dressed as pied pipers sold programmes, an unusual tombola prize was a free sitting by portrait painter Molly Bishop (Lady George Scott)

1 Mr. Esmond Cooper-Key and Miss Ann Dunhill
2 Mlle. Anyès Milinaire with her mother, the Duchess of Bedford, who was president of the ball

3 Mr. Peter Tunnard and Vicomtesse d'Orthez

4 The Hon. Mrs. Vere Harmsworth, chairman of the Ball Committee, with Miss Sarah Goalen, Junior Chairman

5 Mrs. Gavin Tait

6 H.E. Ardeshir Zahedi, the Persian Ambassador, at the tombola with Lady George Scott

7 Mrs. Virgil Pomfret and the Hon. Matthew & Mrs. Beaumont



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

TATLER 27 MAY 1964 499

Having been fighting against pneumonia for the past few weeks, the Countess of Minto is now looking forward to a Riviera holiday. She and her husband will leave their Border home at St. Boswells at the end of the month for a visit to the Earl of Minto's sister and brother-in-law, Lord and Lady Astor of Hever, who now spend most of their time in the South of France. "They have a lovely villa with a swimming pool," Lady Minto told me. She is excited about seeing the garden they have created during the past year, and probably some plants from it will eventually find their way to St. Boswells, where Lady Minto herself is making a very beautiful garden in the grounds of their recently converted castle-home. "I love gardening, it's my only relaxation," she told me. "I love anything to do with flowers, both outside and inside the house."

7,000 MILE WEDDING

The Hon. Jock Buchanan-Smith, fourth son of Lord Balerno and of the late Mrs. Buchanan-Smith, is to be married in Dallas, Texas, in August. Lord Balerno, who has just returned to his home in Midlothian after visiting his son, tells me

that the wedding will take place at the Southern Methodist University Chapel in Dallas where Mr. Buchanan-Smith's fiancée, Miss Virginia Lee Maxson, elder daughter of a Dallas businessman, was a student. Miss Maxson is now working for a degree in animal husbandry at Texas Technical University and it was here, last January, that the young couple met. Mr. Buchanan-Smith is doing a postgraduate course in animal husbandry at the same university and will be there at least until spring next year.

Lord Balerno's dairy farm is one of the show places in Midlothian, so I wondered if, eventually, his son would be helping him run it. But "No, he's the youngest of four sons, he's just out making his own career," says Lord Balerno.

He and his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Corsar, from Blackshiels, will be going out to Dallas for the wedding, and will be accompanied by his third son Robin, minister of Christ Church, Oban, who will conduct the ceremony.

THE P.R. AMBASSADOR

The 25-year-old Earl of Dunmore, who has been working as a public relations

executive with an Edinburgh advertising agency for nearly three years, has just been awarded an Ambassador Scholarship to America. The scholarship, awarded each year by an organization known as Experiment in International Living, entitles 19 young Britons between the ages of 20 and 35 to three months stay in America as the guests of an American community.

Lord Dunmore first read about the scholarship in the personal column of *The Times*. "I'm paid to read the newspapers," he remarked. Then he had to fill in "the most Parkinsonian quantity of forms" and final selection was made by interview. Those selected have to have a certain amount of knowledge of the way Britain works, he told me. They also have to know something of the point of view of an American for, during their three months stay in America, not only will they be answering innumerable questions about Britain, but they will have to fit into an American community. It sounds like a worthwhile reciprocal arrangement.

Lord Dunmore has resigned from his position in Edinburgh, so what happens at the end of the three months? "That's a bridge I shall have to cross when I come to it," he says cheerfully. J.P.

ENGAGEMENTS IN SCOTLAND

Left: Miss Penelope Ann Ballantyne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Henry Ballantyne, of Caerlee House, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, who is to marry Mr. Alfred Otto Laubi, son of the late Dr. Otto Laubi, and of Mrs. Laubi, of Sternenstrasse 6, Zurich

Far left: Miss Caroline Bourke Maclean, daughter of Sir Robert & Lady Maclean, of Woodend, Houston, Renfrewshire, who is to marry Mr. John Carrioch Craig, son of Mr. & Mrs. T. R. Craig, of Invergare, Rhu, Dunbartonshire

Left: Miss Diana Elizabeth Leishman, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. A. W. D. Leishman, of Booths Farm, Hathersage, Derbyshire, who is to marry Mr. John Kemp-Welch, son of the late Mr. Peter Kemp-Welch, and of Mrs. Kemp-Welch, of Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.8, and Garrows, Amulree, Dunkeld, Perthshire

Far left: Miss Christine Helen Garside, daughter of Air Vice Marshal K. V. Garside & Mrs. Garside, of Bendameer, Burntisland, Fife, who is to marry Mr. Colin Scott Musgrave Anderson, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. Veitch Anderson, of St. Margaret's Road, Edinburgh 9.



LENARE

BARRY SWAEBE

JOHN DEWAR

LENARE

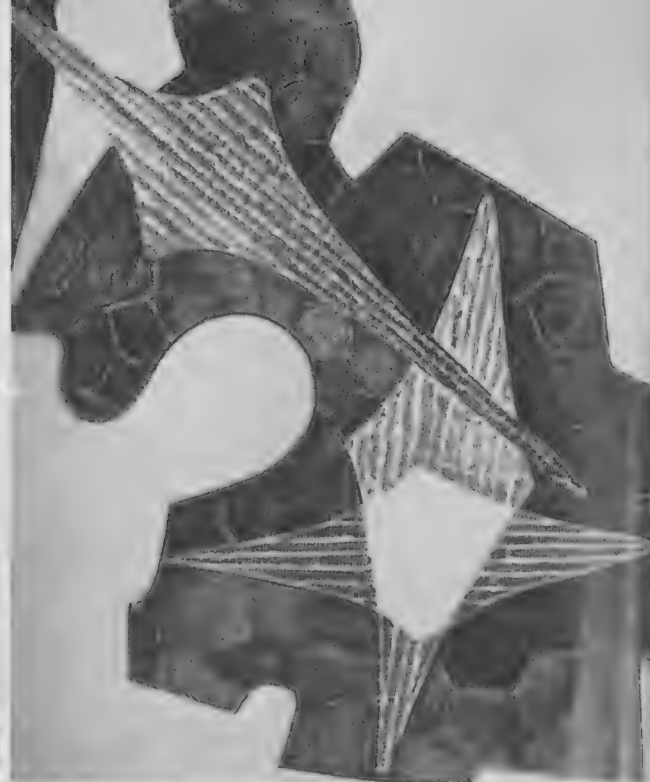
THE NEW FACE OF OLD CASTELLARAS

High on a hill six miles from Cannes and commanding a view over the scented town of Grasse, Mougins and the blue Mediterranean stands Castellaras Le Neuf, a private village that on completion will comprise fifty houses each with its own surrounding garden. The project is an exciting experiment in the integration of art and architecture, one of the most ambitious ever made.

The main constructional principle followed by architect Jacques Couelle is the creation of a curving, plastic line to the houses that blends them with the characteristic landscape of Provence. There are no hard angles, the roofs are covered with turf or with insulated lead, the shaped gardens themselves contribute to the blend of the buildings with their surroundings.

The integration of art and architecture in buildings without angles presented special problems whose solution was conceived and inspired by Mme. Colette Salmann. Her scheme provides for a different team of prominent artists—all of them abstractionists—to work in each house. The teams are mostly composed of three painters and one sculptor whose task is to integrate their work under the co-ordination of Mme. Salmann to the original architectural conception. They are executing murals, floors, interior and outdoor sculptures, reliefs, doors, even door-knockers and knobs.

The work is being carried out by the artists themselves and mostly on the spot. The creations are works of art of some importance and unique in the sense that they will neither be repeated nor copied. Co-ordinated team work is achieved by the careful preparation of the projects and by frequent and detailed discussions with Mme. Salmann. Among the sculptors are Andréou, P. Cascella, Chavignier, Pérot,





Left: part of a kitchen in one of the houses with eye-level oven controls and cupboards of polished olive wood. *Far left:* project for the floor of a lounge. *Below left:* house without angles gives a fairy castle aspect in its Provençal setting. The roof to the left is covered with turf, that in the foreground with insulated lead. *Below:* Mme. Colette Salmann with the painter Mathieu in Castellaras. *Bottom:* the work of the sculptor Pérot, a large doorknocker to be executed in bronze



Raptopoulos and Sklavos, and among the painters are Dumitresco, Grandmaison, Guitet, Janich, Istrati, Maltezos, Mathieu, Music, Nikos, Piaubert, Matta and Singier. The compatibility of their conceptions with those of the architect had also to be considered, as well as the susceptibilities of the people who will later own the houses. Any suggestion of the unease of creation had to be banished in order to provide a feeling of rest and quietness for the future inhabitants.

Mme. Salmann's scheme has received support and encouragement from France's active Minister of Cultural Affairs, M. Andre Malraux, who shares many of her own views on the relation of art to domestic architecture. The Musée des Arts Décoratifs, under the guidance of its director, M. Michel Farré, is also preparing an exhibition showing the complete evolution of Mme. Salmann's scheme with the artists' models, sketches and enlarged photographs, from preparatory designs until completion.

There is an Old Castellaras, too, though it's not as old as that—it was built five years ago—separated from the new by a private road. The two sites cannot be seen from each other though owners of houses in the new village have their clubhouse in the Castle of Castellaras le Vieux. The late Prince Aly Khan was the first owner of a house in Old Castellaras; it now belongs to his brother, Prince Sadruddin Khan.

The new Castellaras probably represents the first large-scale attempt to

THE NEW FACE OF OLD CASTELLARAS

The Club du Château by night. Residents of Castellaras le Neuf have their clubhouse in a castle on the site of an old Roman tower. The present building has parts that date from the 15th and 16th centuries. *Right:* one of the houses in Old Castellaras built some five years ago. A private road separates the two estates. The first owner of a house there was the late Prince Aly Khan; other residents include the Count de Boisrouvray and M. Coche de la Ferté



A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO... STELLA GIBBONS

He came to see about putting in some new pipes.

"Ah," he began, glancing at the old ones, "been up forty years, yes all of forty years, bound to be corroded, you'll need new ones, copper of course."

He made a note.

"I'll give them a coat, while I'm about it. Lilac, you'd better have."

"Won't that look a bit patchy with the rest of the kitchen?" I muttered, already fascinated and fearing to break the spell.

"It'll brighten you up a bit. Pastels are fashionable. It's due to the affluent society not wanting to take things serious. Everything light, bright, cheerful, nothing dark or gloomy, get you down. I'm a bit of a student of colour psychology. Took a Course in it. You'd be surprised, what I can tell from colours."

I was already surprised, but not very.

"Just looking round a person's home, you'd be surprised."

This time he took a more leisurely glance. It did not include the pipes.

"How interesting . . . do tell me . . ." I breathed.

"People give themselves away with colours. You wouldn't believe it. People wouldn't like it at all, not if they knew what I can make out just coming into their homes and seeing their colour schemes. Anny Lyzing it."

"Just coming into their homes, can you? Without even discussing their tastes at all?"

"It's what they teach you in the Course. Your first impression, just stepping into the place. Instantaneous."

He was still sweeping the kitchen with his eye.

"Just from colours . . . do go on, won't you?"

"Now take this kitchen for example."

It was plain from his expression that he would not at all like to take it.

"This here kitchen. Cream and blue . . ."

"It used to be white. But you know what London does to white paint."

"Cream or white, it's all the same, a rather cold nature which is stick-in-the-mud. How can I tell you're stick-in-the-mud? Because you haven't had this kitchen redecorated in ten years. Eight?

one. "Don't smoke yourself, I expect."

He waved the cigarette about to illustrate a renewed attack on the kitchen.

"Now what you want here is scarlet walls," he said, looking me in the eye and using a slow, exciting tone.

"Startles you, that, doesn't it. But you'd be surprised how it would liven you up. Warm you. Cold natures need warm colours. Stands to reason. The Course is all based on fundy-memental laws of human psychology."

Ah, the blest word. Here it was.

"That's how I always know."

It occurred to me that what he was supposed to know about was pipes. But I dared not say as much and I was also afraid of missing some more about my nature.

"It might take you a week or two to get used to it. But you can take it from me, if you had scarlet walls instead of this here coldish blue, every day'd seem like an adventure."

No one will ever believe that I don't want every day to seem like an adventure, and he was the last person to say this to.

"And the ceiling . . ." He flung back his head and magnificently studied it. "I'd say . . . yellow." He brought his head down again and looked at me in the eye. "Or say . . . a warm, thrilling purple."

The vulgar subject of an estimate was on the tip of my tongue. By asking him if he would tell me what he could deduce from the colours in the hall, I manoeuvred him out into it, and there I heard that the same inescapable laws governing my nature were at work. An estimate was not mentioned.

I had now got him on to the doorstep. We avoided an Anny Lysis of the front door (grey, of course) because, God help me, he was now staring at my face. Something there seemed to have disturbed him.

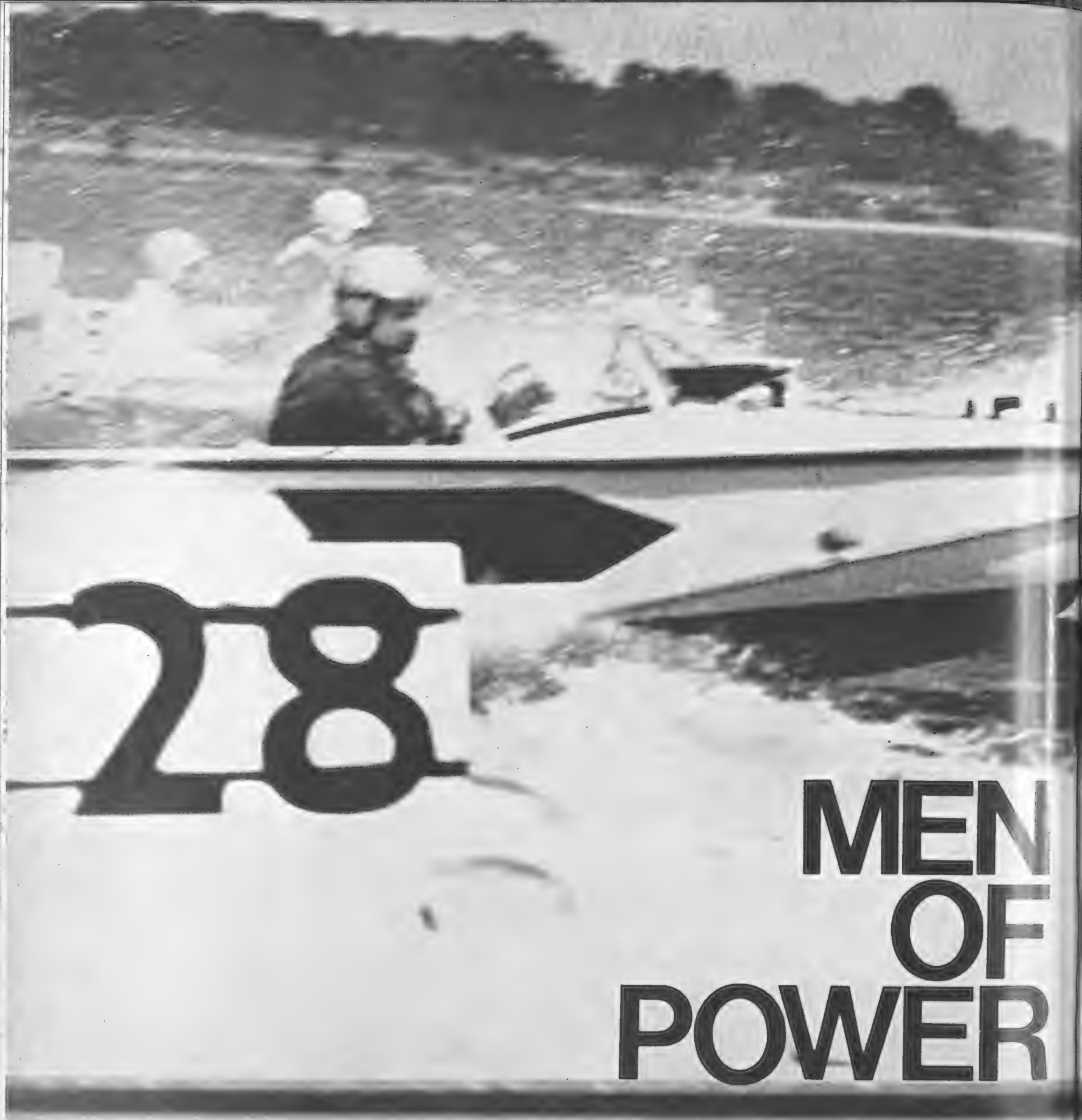
"About colours," he began, "there's some people put up a facade. They told us about that. Kind of an instinct for hiding things. You, for instance, I'd say you put up a facade."

"It's all been so interesting," I said hastily, "I'll be hearing from you, then."

This was the nearest I got to discussing an estimate.

Within the week, I got one. It was for a very large sum; it did not include any painting which would have to be done, and I am afraid the facade slipped rather badly.

But I telephoned to a small firm which has been dealing with local pipes for half-a-century, and they sent along a silent elderly man who tapped the pipes, darted up to the bathroom, ran the water for a quarter of a minute, and darted downstairs



MEN OF POWER



Morris Newcombe found the power boat men on land-bound lakes and in sea-girt harbours. His report in pictures from Staffordshire to Newhaven and the Hamble fills the next seven pages

Above: The South Staffs Hydroplane and Speedboat Club hold their meetings at Chasewater, Brownhills, Staffs. The course is an exact mile run in a natural lake which they share with the Chase Sailing Club with room for both courses. The outboards above were competing in an inter-club meeting this month between the South Staffs, Cotswold and London Clubs. The craft include 15 ft.

Shakespeares powered by 100 h.p. Mercury engines. Some fast boats in the club are owners' made-up specials powered by 25 to 80 h.p. outboards. Minimum cost of a boat is an approximate £350 with outboard or inboard up to £1,200 plus. *Left:* in the larger classes Stan Pearce competed successfully in his 100 h.p. Mercury-Avon against a fresh wind giving choppy conditions.



The Cotswold M.B.R. Club, under its commodore Mr. L. H. Bliss, holds its meetings at Fairford in Gloucestershire. Though still a very young club it already numbers 80 enthusiastic members. Fairford has an excellent clubhouse in the country club owned by Trevor Fox (right). Fox also owns two boats driven by himself and Stan Pearce. Meetings at Fairford, as at Chasewater, are notable for the skill and timing of the power boat drivers and the support provided by followers of the sport.







MEN OF POWER

Men of power on the Hamble include Mr. Peter Twiss, above at speed in a boat from the yard of Fairey Marine Ltd. Mr. Twiss graduated to high-speed water craft from high-speed aircraft. He achieved a record 1,132 m.p.h. at a $7\frac{1}{2}$ -mile altitude in the Fairey Delta 2, now the Bristol 221, and engaged on trials for the development of the Concord airliner. Mr. Twiss looks after the operation of the Fairey boat park and the sales side of Fairey Marine's power boats—their Huntsman class

boat is seen rounding Calshot Spit, (*top left*). Opposite page: Mr. Charles Curry (*above left*) is in charge of the sale of yachts and sailboats at Fairey Marine. He is also a director of the company and an Olympic silver medallist. *Centre left*: the company's boat and fitting-out shed. *Far left*: Heather Danby runs the Off-shore Sea Chest nearby in Hamble, supplying seagoing clothes for yachtsmen and power-boat enthusiasts alike. *Bottom left*: Mr. J. R. Evans (left) and Mr. W. R.

Thornback are Commodore and Secretary respectively of the thriving Royal Southern Yacht Club which has a membership of more than 800. Mr. Thornback also serves on the Royal Yachting Association's Off-shore Power Boat sub-committee. Power boats are still a minority section of the R.S.Y.C. but the numbers are growing. On 27 June power boats will compete in the East Solent race, an approximate 80-mile course around the Nab Tower, third big race of their season.



MEN OF POWER

Above: Mr. Henry Howard is the chairman and moving spirit of Cresta Marine Ltd. at the Yacht Harbour in Newhaven. Vice-president of the National Yacht Harbours' Association under the presidency of the Marquess of Bristol, Mr. Howard spent 30 years in merchant banking in the City of London and started Cresta Marine from unpromising beginnings because of "the need to provide a home and a base for yachtsmen." Cresta Marine now provides a boat "garage" ashore and afloat, maintenance, service and instruction, a chandlery (see opposite page), sales and brokerage, as well as rescue services—there is a VHF radio with a 50-mile range. Social amenities are provided at the Cresta Yacht Club. Further amenities will be provided in

an old Napoleonic fort with a 70-ft. deep moat—now filled with silt dredged to deepen the yacht harbour. In charge of food and wine is Mr. Mark Robinson (left), managing director of Cresta Catering (Newhaven) Ltd., who trained at the Hyde Park Hotel. Catering in a yacht club can fox the unwary or untrained. Mr. Robinson reports that a sudden change in the weather from warm and mild to cold and blustery can cause a run on the food in stock. At sea (above right) off Newhaven, is the Glass Moppie owned and driven by company director Mr. Peter Rigden (in woolly cap) and navigated by Mr. Ernest Goodier-Page, marine director of Cresta Marine Ltd. Mr. Goodier-Page, who describes himself as a sailor by trade, is also Rear-Commodore of the Cresta Yacht Club, Secretary of the Cresta Powerboat Race and a member of the Royal Yachting Association's offshore powerboat committee. Mr. Rigden's Glass Moppie has a Bertram (American) Fibreglass hull—31-ft. overall—powered by two Rolls-Royce petrol engines. The boat was fitted out in Britain to a high standard of luxury





MEN OF POWER

Moorings at Cresta Marine give ready access to the sea. The small natural harbour called Sleeper's Hole, west of the main harbour at Newhaven, was heavily silted and gave few mooring facilities up until 1962. In the following year Cresta Marine began dredging operations and by June, 1963, the new yacht harbour was equipped with floating jetties which are not affected by the rise and fall of the tide—a maximum 27 ft.





THE

PROOFS

COUNTERSPY: ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

PHOTOGRAPH: TESSA GRIMSHAW

Items that transport from flame to table and still look good enough to eat are indispensable for cooks who want their food to look as good as it tastes. Spode's Alenite looks like porcelain, behaves like a saucepan though it's much easier to clean. Two of their prettiest patterns appear on it: Luneville and Blue Italian (see picture, soufflé dish). There are casseroles, stew pots,

pie dishes, fish dishes and a grill dish. The soufflé costs £1 9s. 6d. Porcelaine de Paris newest flower look is a simplified flower and fruit pattern in bright inky blue on white. Their porcelain frying pan is presentable enough to take to the table. Another bright thought in this range is a milk pan that looks like a jug with an outer lid that prevents milk boiling over. Just arrived at Harrods who have it exclusively. Frying pan: £3 11s., milk boiler: £2 12s. An iron teapot with surfaces so visually exciting to be a decoration in itself is from a range of Japanese things at Liberty's Home Ideas department. The dark brown stippled surface is offset by a lid in smooth metal with colours running through it like oil on water. 5 gns. Le Creuset make the most beguiling casseroles in the shops. Their iron oval casserole in infernal, flaming colours of orange melting into yellow lasts for ever. One dish is an oblong ideal for making pâté. Oval casserole: £1 12s., pâté dish: £1 18s. at Woollands. Barbecue



ALL AT SEA

More and more of us are taking to the boats, caught up in the incomparable excitements of sailing. Unity Barnes packed a seabag of ocean-going clothes. Vernon Stratton photographed them at sea

Brilliant scarlet waterproof jacket in shiny PVC, with matching knee-pants and white cotton knee-socks. Jacket 7½ gns., pants 4 gns., socks 10s. 6d. All at Jaeger. Waterproof cap in feather-weight navy nylon, proof against all sailing hazards, £2 7s. 6d. at Gieves







ALL AT SEA

Above: signal-red Shetland sweater striped at the edges with black and white, by John Laing, 4½ gns. Brief navy cotton drill shorts, white stitched, with buttoned-down pockets, by Rockall, £1 5s. Both at Gordon Lowe
Right: classic watch coat in thick navy pilot cloth, snugly double-breasted, 9 gns. Hooded sweater striped in red, white and blue, 2 gns. Navy drill trousers, £2 7s. 6d. Tortoiseshell sunglasses by Oliver Goldsmith, 5 gns. All at Lillywhites



ALL AT SEA

Left: Smart-as-paint pullover in thick white Acrilan by Bear Brand, with a deep V-neck, £4 19s. 6d. Under it, a navy cotton polo sweater, £1 17s. 6d. Navy proofed barathea trousers, 6 gns. All from Gieves

Above: Cross-ribbed sweater knitted in stripes of navy and white, with a slashed neck, designed by Hardy Amies for Byford, 4 gns. at D. H. Evans; Bonds, Norwich. Navy blue sailcloth jeans, £2 7s. 6d. at Gordon Lowe. The men's sweaters in matelot stripes are £2 9s. 6d. from Jaeger







ALL AT SEA

Opposite page: close-fitting St. Tropez sweater in navy cotton jersey, stitched in white, tucked into the belted waist of a pair of lean trousers in widely ribbed white cotton. Sweater, £1 9s. 11d., trousers, 6 gns. Both at Jaeger

Above left: broad navy stripes slice across a white towelling sweater, worn with navy Helanca stretch slacks. Sweater, £1 10s. 9d., slacks, 8 gns. Both at Moss Bros.
Above right: traditional Arran fisherman's sweater, handknitted in coarse navy blue wool. 8½ gns. at Lillywhites

on plays

Pat Wallace / *Vive la différence*

During the first five minutes of Mr. Arthur Watkyn's *Amber for Anna* at the Vaudeville theatre I had the slightly haunted feeling that I had met everybody before, in this pleasant group of obviously un-criminal characters. But I was wrong in at least enough particulars to make this a Detective-Story-with-a-Difference. For the play, which is not a thriller but a well-plotted crime story with at least two subsidiary lines of action, is not overloaded with conventional gambits or closely tailored to a conventional pattern.

In the first scene three couples have returned from an agreeable theatre outing in nearby Brighton—at least, two couples and one wife whose husband was last seen in the bar there and is not expected by his resigned spouse to turn up for another few hours. The rest of them (all living in neighbouring houses) have a final drink, exchange a few polite words with a German *au pair* girl and discuss the murder play which they have just seen. The burden of their conversation is that it would take a far more exotic collection of people than themselves to be suspects in an investigation into violent death. They, as they comfortably assure each other, are far too ordinary. Yet in a matter of minutes the German girl is discovered stabbed to death in her bedroom and it is soon obvious that the chances are 99 to 1 that she has been killed by one of these likable, apparently everyday men or women.

The lady with the missing and ultra-convivial husband keeps her head very well and as played by Miss Avice Landon, reveals herself as the possessor of a dry and admirably timed sense of humour. Certainly her poise is unshaken by the arrival of a police inspector and an eager young constable. Matching her calm is the host, a sensible looking, calm sounding business man whose pretty wife is slightly more taut but still well on the hither side of hysteria. Their other two visitors are an innocuous man in young middle age with his wife who is one of those compulsive talkers often to be found, like her, on all the local committees. There is also an older man, a once German, now British subject of considerable

charm, about whom an ugly rumour floats that he was once the commandant of a concentration camp. This hare, however, doesn't run as both actors and audience are early—and rightly—convinced that he is exactly what he purports to be: a grateful refugee from Nazi oppression. One of the neighbours also has another foreign *au pair* girl and she is brought in, presumably to add feminine glamour and to complicate the plot even further.

In the meantime, the irrepressible young policeman has been making some investigations of his own (to his superior's horror since he has airily dispensed with the business of search warrants) and

has turned up some evidence which involves one of the number not only in the murder but in the possibility of a drug racket, carried out with the generally innocent help of the girls visiting this country and equipped with the usual airline satchels. I don't propose to spoil anybody's fun at this point by indicating who the guilty party is, beyond saying that I did suspect them as early as the second act of three, for the whole thing is very neatly contrived and it would be thoroughly unfair to let the playwright down.

Of the performers, I would single out Mr. Geoffrey Lumsden as the imperturbable man of affairs; Miss Landon, whom I have already mentioned for her impeccable delivery of the best comedy lines in the play, and Miss Gwen Cherrell as the rattle-pated woman, full of good works and

going on and on and on about any situation in which she finds herself. Mr. David Hutcheson makes brief and hilarious incursions as the amiable but perpetually hazy drunk and adds greatly to the gaiety of the evening by his series of helpful suggestions. In fact he provides a number of recurrent bright spots in the entertainment. Miss Gillian Howell's production is slick and well-paced and Mr. Hutchinson Scott has contributed a country house setting which alone would have kept the women in the audience busy re-planning their own sitting-rooms.

Altogether an extremely pleasant evening with the element of suspense kept resolutely below the mark of discomfort and the audience allowed to take part in the detection at least as much as the inspector.



Picture of a household in dissolution in Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* at the New Arts. Charles Lamp is the father doomed to die, Madge Ryan his daughter and Dudley Sutton the murderous lodger

on films

Elsbeth Grant / More please

One can scarcely switch on the radio these days without being infuriated by the sound of young persons, singly or in groups, yowling about love—yeah, yeah, yeah, and all that. Dammit, one asks oneself vividly, what can they possibly know of love, the little sillies? If they would take time off to see *Girl with Green Eyes* they might learn something to their advantage, as the saying goes, but I expect they're too busy caterwauling their way into the Top Ten ever to go to the movies.

This film, based on the novel *The Lonely Girl* by Miss Edna O'Brien—who, incidentally wrote the excellent screenplay—is a tender study of first love. It is beautifully acted, beautifully directed (by Mr. Desmond Davis), wonderfully true to life, and extremely touching and funny. Personally I adored it, and I think you will, too.

Miss Rita Tushingham, as Kate, a wide-eyed innocent from County Clare, is working in Dublin where she lives with her friend Baba, a great, good-natured slob of a girl, deliciously played by Miss Lynn Redgrave (Sir Michael's strapping, 20-year-old daughter). The two girls scrape an acquaintance with Eugene, Mr. Peter Finch, a writer twice their age whose sophistication they find irresistible. (I must say, I find Mr. Finch pretty irresistible myself.)

Bored with bubbling Baba, Eugene is amused and charmed by Kate's guilelessness, and though he realizes the girl is in love with him and should not be encouraged, he enjoys her company too much to deprive himself of it. Through a series of meetings, we see their relationship develop.

Inevitably Kate at last becomes Eugene's mistress. "He'll never marry you," warns Baba. (He can't, anyway, as he's married already—to a vaguely unsatisfactory wife who's gone to America.) "It's not marriage that binds people," says Kate, sagely: "It's emotion."

Alas, the emotions of a totally inexperienced girl and a mature and somewhat cynical man are not by any means the same—and the longer the lovers live together, the more apparent the difference becomes. Kate frets, Eugene's temper frays at the edges. A letter from Eugene's wife, which Kate opens and reads,

brings matters to a head between them.

This is one film to which I'd like to see a sequel. The Dublin scene has been lovingly photographed, and neither Miss Tushingham nor Mr. Finch has ever given a better performance.

Mr. Karel Reisz, the director of *Night Must Fall*—in which Mr. Albert Finney, who was his co-producer, stars—is hurt that people insist on comparing this film with the 1937 production and with Mr. Emlyn Williams's play, upon which both were based. He didn't, he declares, intend to do a simple re-make of the earlier film but to give a new interpretation of the original story of a psychopathic murderer. Nobody, he says, groused because *West Side Story* was a variation on the *Romeo and Juliet* theme—so what's the matter now?

Well, in the first place, *West Side Story* wasn't called *Romeo and Juliet*. If Mr. Reisz had called his film, say, *Day Must Break* we might have known what not to expect, but as he stuck to Mr. Williams's title,

it seems to me he invites us to compare his version of the play with others we have seen.

There is no subtlety in Mr. Finney's performance as Danny, nor any in the film's opening sequence. We see Danny killing a woman with a chopper in the woods and throwing her headless body into a pond, so we know he's a dangerous maniac and we guess that the hat-box he brings with him when he takes a job with foolish old Mrs. Bramson (excellent Miss Mona Washbourne) contains his victim's head. Therefore it comes as no surprise to us when, in one of his altogether too obviously crazy spells, he kills his employer.

The claustrophobic atmosphere of the Bramson household (where Danny jokes in the kitchen with Miss Sheila Hancock, the servant who's pregnant by him, and has a tumble in the bedrooms with his employer's daughter, Miss Susan Hampshire) has been totally dispelled. Such tension as there could have been in the film has been dissipated in long, irrelevant sequences showing the police dragging the pond for a missing body; Danny romping brazenly in the garden with Miss Hampshire; and Miss Hampshire changing a tyre

on her car in the pouring rain.

"I'm private, you know," says Danny, tapping his forehead. "This is where I live. Private." As played by Mr. Finney, he looks to me like a rollicking extrovert, and I couldn't help feeling it was wrong for him to be cringing on the bathroom floor when he realizes the game is up. As I recall, the original Danny gloried in the prospect of achieving notoriety in the Sunday papers ("People are going to hear about me!"), and one expected some such show of insane vanity from Mr. Finney. It would have been more in character than his final abject collapse. I'm sorry I didn't like the film more, because I very much admire both Mr. Reisz and Mr. Finney. I just don't think the subject suited either of their talents.

Mr. Jerry Lewis, who wrote (with Mr. Bill Richmond), directed and stars in *The Nutty Professor*, also offers without conspicuous success a variation on a familiar theme—the Jekyll & Hyde one. As a myopic college professor with buck teeth he discovers a formula that temporarily changes him into a brash, handsome pop singer. It would be hard to say which aspect of him I disliked more.



The two Dublin friends, Baba and Kate (Lynn Redgrave and Rita Tushingham), heroines of *Girl With Green Eyes*, whose ways part when they meet a middle-aged charmer played by Peter Finch.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Art in therapy

By the time you read this the exhibition **Art as Communication**, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, may have ended, but I am writing about it just the same because it had such a devastating effect upon me that I need to get it out of my system. Its special interest lies in the fact that all the pictures (and the few pieces of sculpture) in it were made by patients in the art therapy departments of psychiatric hospitals and clinics. But, though their importance lies chiefly in the part they have played in the healing process, many of them are exciting as paintings and have what one art therapist has called "rare incidental qualities of beauty."

Attached to many of the pictures are statements made by the patients (and recorded by the therapist) by way of explanation. Others are accompanied by a brief case history. Some, like the finger painting in which the words "I never do anything right" are scrawled across the paper, need no further explanation. Sometimes the whole story is summed up in the titles of a series of pictures by the same patient.

These were my wrists, is the title of a Klee-like abstraction. Hanging next to it are two drawings of girls asking, "Why do I not have a real Mum?" and "Yes, Mrs. W.— I can still feel, why?" All three are by a woman of 22 who was adopted at four months, had hated her foster-mothers and had several times tried to kill herself by cutting her wrists, the first time when she was 10.

Nearby another group by an epileptic man of 27 captures, by means of the most harrowing imagery, the qualities of the dreams he has during his seizures. The titles—*Coming round seven times out of the fit*; *The Earth cracking to pieces like the end of the world*; *Too many snakes*; *Going down the sewer*; *The vision I had when I was a little boy*.

In one extraordinary picture, a fantastic head made up of elements of landscape and quotations from the Bible and other sources, I read: *Quotation from Pavlov—"Never believe what a mental patient says. You may believe a little more of what he writes. But you must believe what*

he does (Even with his teeth)."

Such pictures as these, in which the patient expresses his own feelings directly either in pictorial images or in written words can be of tremendous value to the psychiatrist in diagnosis and treatment. They can be an outlet for feelings of violence or a desire to create. In some cases they are the only means of communication left to a mental patient.

Sometimes—frequently, even, if we may judge by this exhibition—real artistic talent is discovered in the art therapy department, and without any training in technique a patient arrives at an expressive personal style that has a striking affinity with that of some modern master. Most moving picture in the exhibition is a Munch-like composition of several isolated figures in a barren, sun-parched landscape. It is by "a man of 25" and is called *Loneliness*.

One patient seems to have arrived instinctively at the fluid-paint technique of the Americans Sam Francis and Paul Jenkins, another, a girl of 18, has piled the paint on in the manner of the *matière* painters. In many instances, then, these pictures are much more than "mere documents which record changes in the labyrinth world of a mental patient's mind." They are valid works of art.

One West End gallery dies, another is born. The announcement that the admirable Beaux Arts Gallery was to close down almost coincided with that of the opening of the Mercury Gallery, which has as its aim "to give unknown artists the chance of a one-man show and to exhibit a large number of artists living in the North of England." First of these artists is not exactly unknown but is very North of England. He is 56 year-old Theodore Major, an inhabitant of Lowry-land. He has spent his whole life in Wigan and paints the Lancashire landscape and seascape with a dark, brooding power unrelieved by any such humour as is found in Lowry's work. But when he turns to other subjects—flowerpieces and still-lives—he sets his canvases alight with rich, blazing colours.

DUNCAN MELVIN



The Ballets Africains, who first came to London in 1960, are paying a return visit in a five-week season at the New Victoria. Described as Africa's greatest spectacular show, the National Ensemble of the Guinea Republic consists of 50 singers, dancers and musicians whose ballets, two of which are shown here, are founded on tribal rites. They have just had a successful season in Paris

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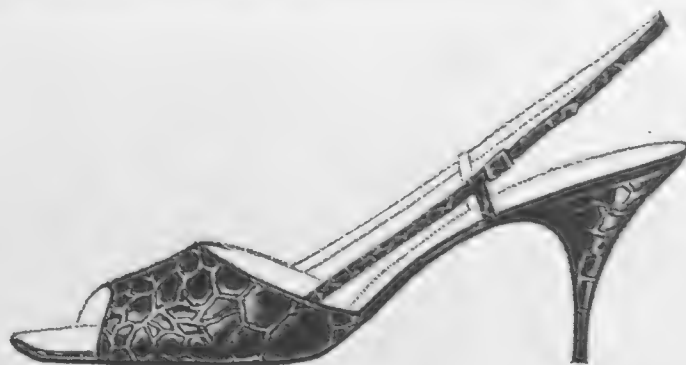
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on books

Oliver Warner/Proper climates

Paris in the Twenties: Hemingway himself, Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Ford, Scott Fitzgerald, Wyndham Lewis ("with the eyes of an unsuccessful rapist")—all are evoked in **A Moveable Feast** (Cape 18s.) by Ernest Hemingway. Though fact, the narrative reads like a vintage Hemingway novel. The magic, which comes over so distinctly in these reminiscent pages results from, I think, the author's zest not so much for *le mot juste* but for that fuller truth which sometimes lies a shade beyond the "right" word, and which leads not to the just or elegant but to the most precise expression.

There are some splendid passages, my favourite being the account of Ford "cutting" an imaginary Belloc, and explaining to Hemingway who was and who was not a gentleman. There is, moreover, some character drawing, notably of Scott Fitzgerald, which would be difficult to better. These young American expatriates (who cared little for the British), loved Paris with all their hearts, and they were

serious, deadly serious, only about their work. The author celebrates that city where writers and painters find a proper climate.

The Paris of the siege of 1870-1, was different but also harboured men of eloquent gifts. The beleaguered capital is the subject of a study by Robert Baldick, **The Siege of Paris** (Batsford 35s.) produced in the publishers' "Battles" Series, though it is avowedly not a military book. Mr. Baldick's point is that the event "was the last full-scale siege of a European capital, the first occasion of the indiscriminate bombardment of a civilian population, the source of immense hardship and suffering, and the origin of a division in the French nation which has not yet been healed." The ordinary run of people behaved splendidly, as they generally do, in spite of gross provocation in that the rich could feed when the poor could not. One lays down the account more than ever convinced that whereas the Germans are born soldiers the French, in spite of Napoleon, are not. They are too in-

dividual, too sensible, too full of heroic spoutings which in the event mean little. Europe owes Paris much, but not lessons in the art of war.

Specifically, the debt can be worked out from **Paris Personal** by Naomi Barry (Gollancz 18s.), an affectionate guide with a special section for men. Prices are in dollars, but there is a conversion table.

Two well-known writers have published new novels. Margaret Kennedy in **Not in the Calendar** (Macmillan 21s.) ventures into the world of the handicapped and the isolation of the deaf-mute, weaving a ramified plot largely round the character of "a saint not in the calendar" (hence the title) who has that liberating quality found sometimes in real life quite unconnected with what passes for morality. L. P. Hartley, in **The Brickfield** (Hamish Hamilton 18s.) describes one of those scarring incidents of youth which seem so often to nag at the narrators who figure in his stories. The writing is on the usual high level and the idyll recalled, together with its tragic ending, has the unemphatic conviction which is one of Mr. Hartley's secrets. I do not find the framework, ageing novelist unburdening to devoted young secretary (male) nearly so convincing.

Bryan Little's **English His-**

toric Architecture (Batsford 25s.), which calls a halt at 1914, is inexpensive by today's standards, and is well illustrated. The author is good on Wren and the later architects, and I sympathize with many of his preferences, for instance his view that "within the Gothic field of choice, nothing surpasses the lavish, inventive and brilliant achievements of England's master masons... between about 1290 and 1370." Though described modestly as an introduction, yet as a compact survey from Saxon times to the Admiralty Arch I rate it as something between a guide and a textbook to what is best in the older building of our country.

Mr. Little has something to say about Windsor Castle, but Christopher Hibbert, in **The Court at Windsor** (Longmans 35s.) has a whole book not so much about the architecture—though this is not neglected—as about the "royals" who have lived there, from the Normans until today. His scheme is, in fact, a panorama of informed gossip and observation, and as such it is engrossing. He gives greatest attention to George III and the complicated etiquette which surrounded that sovereign, and his notice of the ways of more recent presences makes one realize anew how special a technique is needed to enjoy royal hospitality.

on records

Gerald Lascelles/Brubeck's haven

Opening their British tour in London on Saturday, Dave Brubeck's quartet will be making their recurrent annual visit. I do not expect to hear any startling innovations in the highly popular style of music they play. Dave's absorption in getting the right sound from the piano, allied to his love of the classical approach, tends to detract from the swinging idea of jazz which I regard as an essential part of the music. In an eight-year-old album just released, **Dave Brubeck plays solo piano** (Vocalion), he proves that he has the right roots, but consistently demonstrates his unwillingness to break away from his strange obsession for complex chords, always at the expense of the jazz content of his work.

Brubeck's main supporter in the quartet, altoist Paul Desmond, escapes from his

master's supervision for a brief outing with Jim Hall, one of the most sensitive guitarists of the contemporary school. Their combined efforts in **Take Ten** (RCA Victor) are soft and seductive to the ear, while maintaining a constant swinging mood. Paul's pure vibratoless sound on alto may lack the warmth of other exponents, but he succeeds in presenting a fluent interpretation of any theme he takes up. The presence of Connie Kay, who normally drums for the Modern Jazz Quartet, adds further interest to the session, whereas the absence of a piano part seems to clarify the individual solo lines in this instance.

A more adventurous group which eschews the use of piano is the Joe Daley trio, whose **Newport '63** (RCA Victor) festival album explores some of the ramifications of free form without getting too in-

involved or too advanced. The influence of Ornette Coleman emerges strongly in the piece they call *Ballad* and the searching *Knell*, both of which display the dexterity of bassist Russell Thorne. An almost conventional sound is established by pianist Hank Jones, who leads **Quartet-Quintet** (Realm), a session which features the impressive trumpet playing of Donald Byrd. Hank has the wonderful knack of being able to accompany almost anyone by a process of "feeding," which never distracts Byrd, and invariably unleashes some of his most fluent solo work.

Hub-tones (Blue Note) serves to introduce Freddie Hubbard, another trumpeter whose work lies mainly in the same direction and environment as Donald Byrd's. There is, to the casual listener, more absorption of the Miles Davis style, especially in his annoying habit of blowing a thin pinched note in the top range of the instrument. Freddie should know better, but he enjoys a lyrical approach which is in keeping with the material and the whole mood of the

album. Herbie Hancock directs the rhythm section from the piano by the punched chords he uses without ceasing. The long sad wail in *Lament for Booker*—Freddie's close friend, Booker Little—makes memorable listening to my ears.

Tenor-man Brew Moore has been in and out of the jazz scene in New York and elsewhere since 1944, but his recordings are rare. A devotee of the Lester Young school, with leanings towards the later developments of Sims/Getz, he is recognized as one of the best exponents of this style, which he demonstrates ably in his latest album, **The Brew Moore quartet and quintet** (Vocalion). The relatively uncomplicated music generates a happy swinging sound, which I also find well established in **Happy time** (Riverside), one of those easy-flowing solo sessions which pianist Junior Mance seems always to be able to produce off the cuff. His experience with big bands and small groups of the highest order is almost unrivalled, and he knows how to keep the interest going with the lightest of rhythm support.

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on opera

J. Roger Baker/The moving toyshop

Presumably warmer weather makes the company feel gay, or perhaps it is something to do with the start of the tourist season, but the accent at Sadler's Wells is now firmly placed on light opera—Offenbach, Sullivan, Strauss. Revivals of *La Vie Parisienne* and *Iolanthe* feature heavily, and a new production of Strauss's *The Gypsy Baron* has the added interest of bringing June Bronhill back to the Wells after too long an absence in musical comedy of a different kind.

The Wells has had a tremendous series of popular successes with their forays into light opera, and when a packed house cheers, even claps, in time to the Big Tune (reprised for curtain calls like it was *Salad Days*), it seems churlish to complain. However, *La Vie Parisienne* is definitely below standard, over-directed, over-dressed and heavy-handed. Part of this is almost certainly due to the work itself which, unlike the other two Offenbach works seen here, lacks a strong story line. The first act is entirely concerned with preparations for a climax that takes place in the second. This leaves the third act to begin and end another, far weaker, intrigue. Further evidence of dramatic insecurity is revealed in a totally unnecessary interlude accompanied by inept miming on stage, and the prettiest tunes from other Offenbach operas.

As if in compensation—or desperation?—Wendy Toye has directed with the air of someone gone mad in a (sorry) toyshop: people are reduced to puppets jerking frantically and the stage is forever crowded with dancers weaving in and out grinning like mad to show just how gay it all is. Designer Malcolm Pride has dressed the show while suffering apparently from temporary dementia in a fabric department. I have been assured by a Parisian friend with tears in his eyes that this opera can be charming, witty and elegant: I would like to believe him.

The translator, Geoffrey Dunn, contributes a pretty hectic programme note to put us all in the *Parisienne* picture. *Iolanthe* needs no such explana-

tions, of course, which is possibly why it comes off so much better. There must have been a strong temptation for the director to go overboard with invention on this first non-D'Oyly Carte production of Gilbert & Sullivan. But Frank Hauser simply points up what is already there and on only two occasions inserts a bit of extra nonsense.

In both operas singing standards are naturally fairly high, considering that most of the principals are already expert in far more difficult music. To hear *None shall part us* sung perfectly by Elizabeth Harwood—a Zerbinetta and Constanze—and Julian Moyle, good in Richard Strauss and more recently Francis Burt's opera *Volpone*, is to reveal Sullivan as a real charmer. Conductor Alexander Faris allows steady tempi and gives some lovely swoony moments, especially in the overture and towards the end when *Iolanthe* (Patricia Kern, a brilliant Rosina and Cherubino) confesses. The Offenbach contains no such moments, though Catherine Wilson caught the house in her letter song and Heather Begg sang musically and well. It is a strange comment that the happiest moment in the opera is a scene of *dialogue*, culminating in a little duet between Eric Shilling and a singer new to me, Patricia Jackson, who has not only a presentable voice, but also an innate sense of timing.

I would not like to suggest a cessation of these light works, in fact there is a whole unplumbed repertory for the company to deal with—they could have a go at a Spanish *zarzuela* for example. But what I would really like to see them tackle is Leonard Bernstein's brilliant *Candide*. Not only would it go down well but I would also cast it for them if they asked.

The Wells season ends on 4 July (Covent Garden's finished last week) and in the final days there are to be three performances of Malcolm Williamson's *Our Man in Havana* originally presented by Rostrum last year. This is worth watching out for, an inventive and at times moving opera by a young composer who actually writes with the human voice in mind.

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GOOD LOOKS

COMES ALIVE

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Good Looks shows this week a real girl on a real day in May sitting in the hot little world of the hairdressing salon. Mrs. Colette Fulton lives a rush-around life based on her children and just hasn't time to visit the hairdresser once a week. Instead she manages with a perfect cut once every six weeks by Roger at Vidal Sassoon in Grosvenor House. He likes her hair because it's thick and drapy—she likes him cutting it because he has a realistic approach to hair. The effect of the cap of hair that Roger builds round her face is to maximize her caramel-coloured eyes and make her face look fragile by comparison.

Come Alive ideas: a lipstick that simplifies life for someone who likes the effect of two colours used together. Gala now have some Shot Silk colours, based on peach, pink and beige. For example, the pink one is half one pink, and the second half is a complementary sharper colour. These can be used so that the lighter one adds a lighter layer on top of the darker, or the lips can be two separate colours, the lighter shade used on the lower lips or the other way about.

Weekend bag filled with small portions of products a packer usually forgets. Helena Rubinstein's Apple Blossom scent drifts through skin perfume, hand lotion, deodorant, bath cube and dusting powder. Thoughtful extra is a petal-shaped soap. 19s. 6d. the lot.

DINING IN

This week I intend to give a rather long recipe. The dish, however, is so interesting to make and impressive to serve that the details are worth the trouble. Basically it involves the use of aspic. One finds too frequently that aspic is composed entirely of gelatine and water, is therefore insipid if not frankly unpleasant to taste. But with a whole summer's entertaining ahead, a second look at dishes *en gelée* is worth while.

CHICKEN RINALDI is a complete dish; the chicken is garnished with peas, asparagus tips and tomatoes stuffed with a *pâté* made from the liver. For 4-5 persons have a roasting chicken weighing, dressed, 3 to 3½ lb. For 7 to 8 people, two birds will be required.

To make the aspic: place the well-washed giblets (except liver) in a pot with a well-washed calf's foot (this is vital). Add a sliced carrot and a *bouquet garni* made from a split leek with a sprig of thyme, a bay leaf, parsley stalks, 2-3 crushed peppercorns and clove tied securely inside. This is the most efficient way of dealing with a *bouquet garni*; failing the leek, wrap the herbs in greaseproof paper and place in the bottom of the pot. Add 2 quarts of cold water, a just-less-than-a-level-teaspoon of salt. Cover tightly; boil. Skim, then simmer extremely gently for 2½ to 3 hours to reduce the liquid to about a quart.

You will cook the bird in this stock. Afterwards put a tablespoon of the stock in a saucer and place in the refrigerator

to set, when you will be able to see if it is firm enough to use as aspic. It should be a gentle jelly, not one for moulding. If too gentle strengthen with up to ¼ oz. of best quality powdered gelatine blended with a dessertspoon of water and stirred into the stock. Bring to the boil, and clear the stock by removing all traces of fat and adding two crushed eggshells. Add two egg-whites beaten to the frothing stage and whisk over a fairly good heat until the stock boils again. Remove from the heat and again replace it. Then strain into a basin through butter muslin wrung in very hot water.

To cook the chicken: wash and truss for boiling; put in a closely fitting pot and strain the quart of stock over it. Add a glass of dry white wine or dry vermouth. Taste: if necessary add more salt. Bring to the boil and poach covered for 45 to 50 minutes. Test by pressing a thigh; if it yields easily the bird is ready, but an hour's poaching will not hurt a young bird. When done, skin at once. This will be easy—but not if you wait until the bird is cold. Cover the chicken and when it's cool carve the breast, bone the two legs and two thighs—and don't forget the fillets in the back.

To garnish: while the chicken is cooking cut a thin slice off 5 or 6 small tomatoes; remove pulp and press through a fine sieve; drain the tomato cups. Wash the chicken's livers, add another if possible, season with salt and freshly-milled pepper and fry them for 2 or 3 minutes in a little butter so

they are slightly pink inside. Remove them and add the tomato pulp simmering over a low heat until reduced to a very little. Return livers to pan, mash them with a teaspoon or so of brandy; work in 2 or 3 oz. of creamed butter plus a tiny pinch each of chopped thyme, sweet basil, rosemary and mixed spice. Use these flavourings sparingly. Fill the tomato shells with this mixture. Drain a can of asparagus; boil a ½ pint measure of tiny young peas for the shortest possible time. Let them get cold in their water to prevent shrivelling.

To assemble: The serving dish should be deep enough to hold the ingredients, but compact enough not to demand too much aspic. First trickle a little aspic into the dish; put in the chicken pieces, white meat on top; spoon more aspic over them. Arrange the stuffed tomatoes, bundles of asparagus, heaps of peas around the meat, keeping the levels up to the tomatoes. Spoon aspic over all including the tomatoes. Leave in the refrigerator to set. When firm, trickle more aspic but never enough to float anything. Chill again and repeat until aspic covers everything.

I like to decorate the white meat with leaves of tarragon and canned pimento first dipped in aspic, placed in position and coated again. Left-over aspic can be stored in the fridge and used later to set poached eggs in ramekins for an *hors d'oeuvre*.

LIVER PÂTÉS which are slowly cooked in the oven are very good but they do take time, unlike the following recipe given to me by a friendly chef. You need 12 oz. of trimmed washed chicken livers and 2 to 3 oz. of chopped pork fat. Very gently cook them together for

a few minutes so that they are slightly underdone and will give you a very faintly pink *pâté*. Turn them into an electric blender with a tablespoon each of Madeira and brandy, a little salt and a little freshly milled pepper and purée the lot.

Cream 4 oz. of butter until very soft. Add it to the other mixture and blend all very well together. Turn into small individual pots and cover each with a greaseproof paper disc. Place in the refrigerator until wanted. Remove paper and serve.

Additional flavours are a pinch each of powdered thyme and powdered bay leaf and/or the juice from a clove of garlic squeezed through a press.

It is always a great pleasure to me when I find something entirely new to me. And this I did at the Indian Tea Centre in Oxford Street. A TEA ICE CREAM. It is almost unbelievably delicious.

Bring a pint of milk and an inch piece of vanilla pod to the boil. Pour it over 2 tablespoons of dry tea and leave to infuse for 5 minutes. Strain. (The pod can be washed and dried and used on a future occasion.)

Beat 4 eggs. Add 6 oz. of caster sugar and continue to whisk until the mixture is perfectly smooth. Stir in the tea. Put the mixture into the upper half of a double saucepan and stir over boiling water until it thickens. Strain into a basin and leave to cool. Finally, whisk in ½ pint of whipped cream. Turn into trays and freeze in the ice-making compartment of the refrigerator.

Incidentally, on a visit to the Indian Tea Centre you will find not only all kinds of other ways with tea but also some most interesting Indian dishes, both savoury and sweet.

Geoffrey S. Fletcher/The Scots roses (1)

ROSE GROWING

The Burnet or Scots Roses—the Scots Briars, as they are sometimes called—and their various cultivated forms deserve a more general appreciation. In the hope of encouraging it, I am devoting this and the following article to discussing them. These roses were probably most popular in the 1830's and 1840's, when there were many named varieties. Since then they have declined in popularity and in numbers, for no good reason. They have a great deal of charm and

character, being delightfully scented and flowering early in the summer. What is more, the Scots roses require little attention and do well in poor soils that differ little from the sandy soil of the dunes where the species grow wild on the coasts of Britain and Scotland.

R. spinosissima is their usual botanical name. These roses vary in size from fairly tall shrubs to dwarf, recumbent plants of dainty appearance, and in colour from white to plum and canary yellow. The

species spread by underground suckers. Most of the Scots roses have a twiggy, wiry character, bristly and somewhat lax, with small leaves and a profusion of small flowers. Usually those found in gardens today are either inornate or have been equipped with a later name. But leaving the matter of confused nomenclature alone, there is always the pleasure of growing Scots roses for their distinctive qualities, with or without names, and also bringing the wild plants into garden cultivation.

One of the finest is the hybrid *Stanwell Perpetual*, (illustrated here). It was introduced in 1838.



Its flowers are a pale shell pink, well quartered but fairly flat. The bush is usually between 3 ft. and 4 ft. high and seldom without blooms from early summer until November.

MOTORING



Gastronomes still look for the name Peugeot on the pepper mill. It is a guarantee of correct texture with no metallic powder escaping. Peugeot started making cars in the horseless carriage days when they had been noted hardware manufacturers for ages, and they have not given up this trade through their motor vehicles becoming one of the most popular makes in France. When a Peugeot 404 estate wagon was delivered to me the other day I simply assured myself by looking for the rampant lion on the radiator badge; it has been the firm's

trademark for as long as I can remember.

Until comparatively recently Peugeot have not courted the British motorist to any marked degree, but, as I recorded here two months ago, there is now a well equipped service station and showrooms, at Purley Way, Croydon. Distributors Peugeot, Ltd., run it and are actively appointing dealers up and down the country. The estate wagon sent for me to test is a really expansive vehicle, a full 6-seater with plenty of space for large quantities of baggage or produce. If you want still more room you can

fold the back seats down to get 33 square feet of floor area. One might think a 1½-litre engine likely to be under-powered for so large a vehicle—it weighs 22½ cwt. and is 15 feet long—but when you get under way this idea is quickly banished. I made a rapid run to Birmingham, and on the motorway found it easy to keep the speedometer needle at between 85 and 90 m.p.h. indefinitely (except where repairs are in progress to the outside lanes and traffic has to keep in a slow-moving queue).

Initially I imagined the very size of the wagon would make it heavy to handle, but again this proved false. Even when parking there was no great heaviness on the steering wheel, and it seems that the Peugeot designers have been unusually clever in working out a method of arranging the rack-and-pinion steering gear to make it progressively lower geared as it approaches full lock. Thus, at speed on a straight road one has the full "feel" of the steering, and a fairly high ratio to make it unnecessary to "wind" the wheel when rounding a bend or corner, while acute locking, as when parking, brings the ratio down and saves one having to use a great deal of force.

Perhaps one of the most distinctive features of the Peugeot is the layout of its gear control, almost exactly opposite to that of most cars. There are four gears—and reverse, of course—and the lever is under the steering wheel. Many prospective buyers believe gear-changing on the Peugeot to be difficult. But it is simplicity itself—just push or pull the

lever and (except when going for bottom or top) do not force it when in neutral. It is not at all complicated once the know-how has been mastered.

The engine is at the front of the car, and has been canted over slightly to reduce its height under the bonnet, thus improving forward visibility with a low nose. Sturdily built, it runs with remarkable smoothness and quietness and would, I discovered, travel long distances on a gallon. Hard driving on M.1 is an uneconomical business, but petrol consumption did not drop below about 23 miles per gallon, and on my return journey, when I used the slow Stratford-on-Avon—Banbury—Aylesbury road, it was only four gallons for 118 miles. French car buyers, especially of estate car types, like to have tough and rugged vehicles, and certainly Peugeot provide them. Everything about this 404 utility vehicle speaks of practicality and the ability to carry out a work-horse's duties with everyday consistency. There are few frills, but comfort for driver and passengers is marked, and, once one has mastered the whereabouts of the various controls for wipers, heaters, lights and so forth, the initial feeling that they had been rather indiscriminately located fades away. This estate wagon grew on me as the days passed, and in the end I was very sorry to let it go. Its cost, inclusive of purchase tax, is £1,191 19s. 7d., for, like all imported cars, it has to pay import duty and purchase tax on top of the total. The heater is, however, standard equipment.



Six-seater Peugeot estate wagon, 1964. Top: Five-seater Peugeot break avec dais, 1894



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6 Dawes—Birkbeck: Hermione Anne, daughter of Major & Mrs. D'Arcy Dawes, of Leacon Hall, Warehorne, Ashford, Kent, was married to John Oliver, son of the late Colonel Oliver Birkbeck, and of Lady Joan Cator, of Little Massingham House, King's Lynn, at St. Matthew's, Warehorne

7 Miss Melanie Lowson to Mr. Charles Black and Miss Sarah Victoria Black to Mr. Desmond Wentworth Stratton: *Left:* Melanie is the daughter of Sir Dénys Lowson, Bart, & the Hon. Lady Lowson, of Brantridge Park, Balcombe, Sussex, and of Bandirran, Perthshire. Her fiancé, Mr. Black, is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Archibald Black, of Crocks, Bentley, Hampshire.

Far left: Sarah is the sister of Mr. Charles Black, her fiancé, Mr. Stratton, is the son of the late Mr. Undecimus Stratton, and Mrs. Vincent Phipps, of Wereburne Manor, Boldre, Lymington, Hampshire

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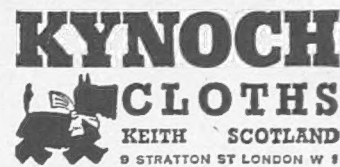
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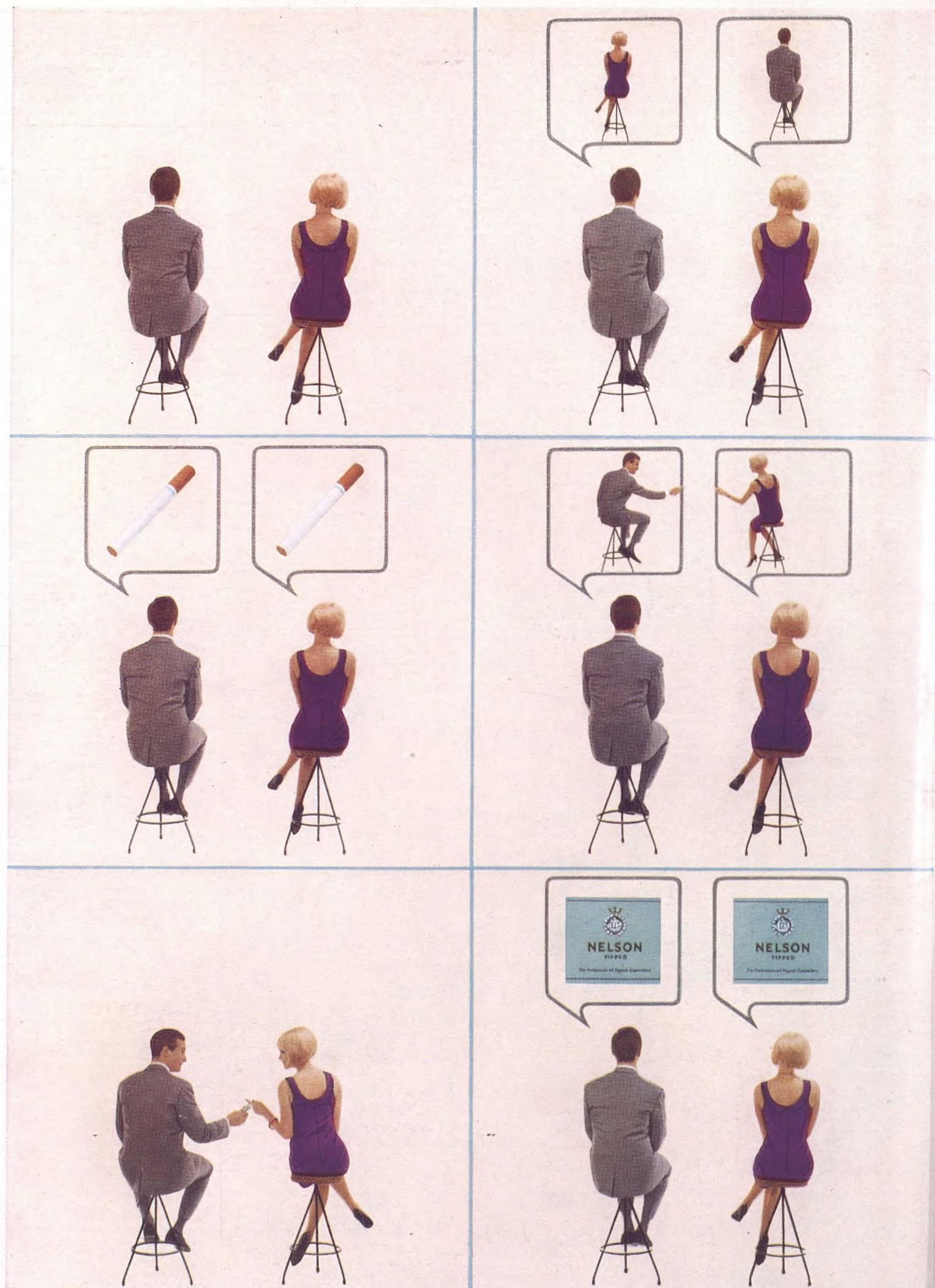
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